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BRITISH CATHEDRALS

WELLS

"The poor man's Bible"

This present beautiful structure, built mainly in the 17th century, stands upon the site of a small Saxon church built in the year 705 by Ina, King of the West Saxons. In 1321 the central tower was raised to its present height, but its weight soon proved to be too much for the foundations, so massive inverted arches were placed upon those built to support the original tower. Another feature of the interior is its curious clock, attributed to Peter Lightfoot, a 14th century Glastonbury monk. Every hour a wooden figure kicks two bells, and four knights on horseback gallop round a tower. But the most memorable part of the whole is the West Front, beautiful beyond words, a vast and delicate display of superb medieval figure-sculpture, a panorama in stone of saints, priests, bishops, kings, nobles and many famous characters, from both scriptures and folk-lore. It is well-named "the poor man's Bible".



THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD. BY R. T. COWERN, R.W.S., R.E.

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SCOTCH WHISKY
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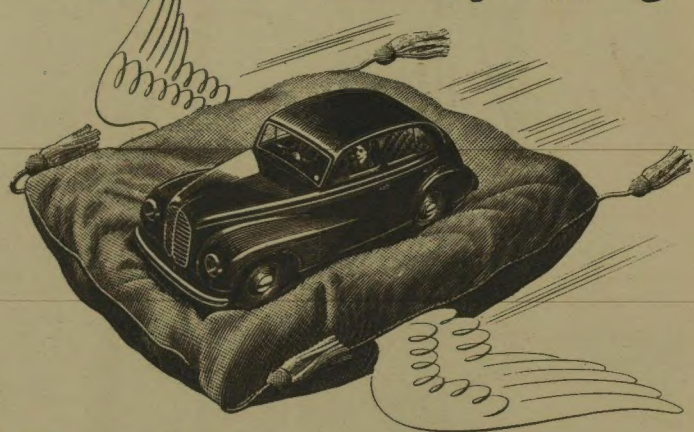


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PLUGS
are supplied to
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Your car has that 'cushiony' feeling**

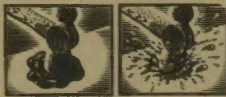


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chassis

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**The only lubricant that you know is on the job
—protecting vital chassis parts**

MARFAK is a unique lubricant that is forced into the chassis under high pressure, and it won't squeeze out under the toughest road poundings. Even under extreme conditions it won't drip out, dry up, or wash off. Marfak stays on the job, cushioning against shock and protecting against wear and corrosion. It is far in advance of any ordinary grease. Ask your Regent Dealer about Marfak lubritection, and get him to show you the simple tests which prove how Marfak does a better job. It cushions your car and gives complete protection for hundreds of extra miles. Marfak is applied by chart — not by chance.



HAMMER TEST. When hit with a hammer Marfak stays put. It softens the blow and doesn't spatter like ordinary grease. Marfak clings to vital chassis parts—doesn't squeeze out.



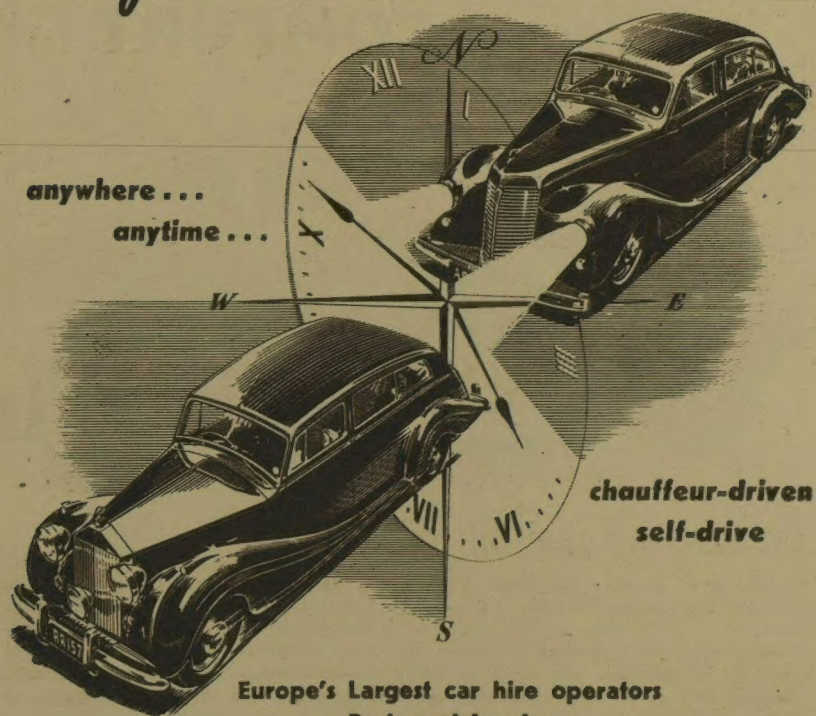
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LEAGUE PLAY

The companies of AEI are a league formation.

They are a strong and lively group.

Their young industry has risen rapidly into the ranks of the traditional giants. Sharing their knowledge, their experience and their resources, the companies of Associated Electrical Industries put forth co-ordinated effort for the common good.

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IT ALL ADDS UP TO

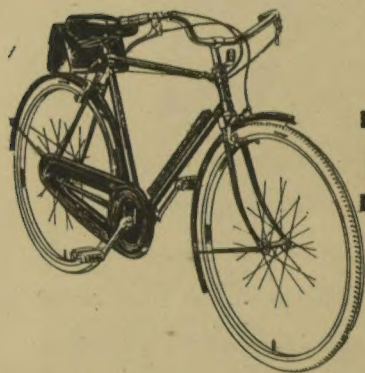
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Built To-day*

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ACHIEVEMENT

Another World Class Record

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CASTEL BENITO, TRIPOLI

An English Electric Canberra
powered by Rolls-Royce "Avon"
Engines established a new point-to-point
World Class Record on 18th February, 1952,
by flying from London Airport
to Castel Benito in 2 hours 44 minutes,
average speed 538 m.p.h.

ROLLS-ROYCE

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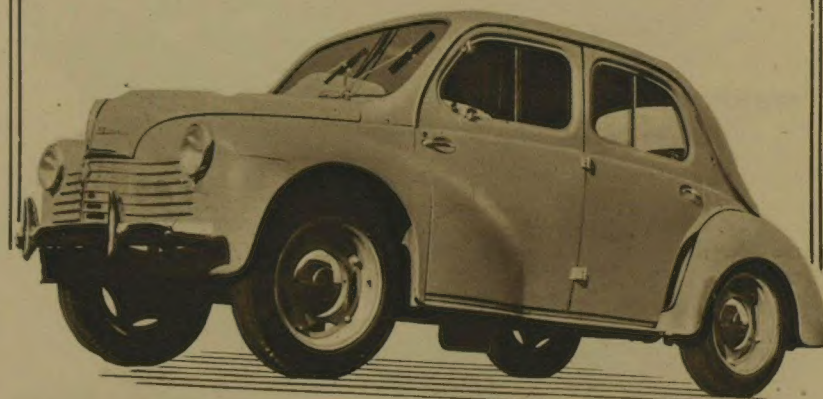
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The Liqueur to Linger Over!

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WITH GREATER COMFORT



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At the top of its class and there to stay—the Renault 750 goes from strength to strength. Now, in its 1952 form, a power increase to the 4-cylinder engine of more than 20% adds new quality to this already supreme light car. A highly manoeuvrable, power packed performer, the new Renault 750 will give you all the sparkling acceleration you need in traffic, more impressive top-speeds, crisper take-offs and even more effortless hill-climbing—yet with always something in reserve. And still the 750's extraordinary petrol economy remains unaffected—a test by *The Motor* showed 50 m.p.g. at a steady 40 m.p.h!

All this—plus improved Telescopic shock absorbers and bigger tyres to provide extra comfort and safety for 4 passengers—puts the Renault 750 on a high quality level unequalled in light car motoring.

RENAULT 750

RENAULT LIMITED · WESTERN AVENUE · LONDON · W.3

CVS 266A

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I'm quite happy about tuning an engine. But you can lose me pretty early in the higher lubrication. Yet friction can lose you more speed than anything else. Or throw you out of a race altogether. Still, the designers of my car recommend Energol. And as I usually finish near the front and don't often find myself being pushed home, I know I'm on a winner with **ENERGOL, THE OILIEST OIL** says the racing motorist.



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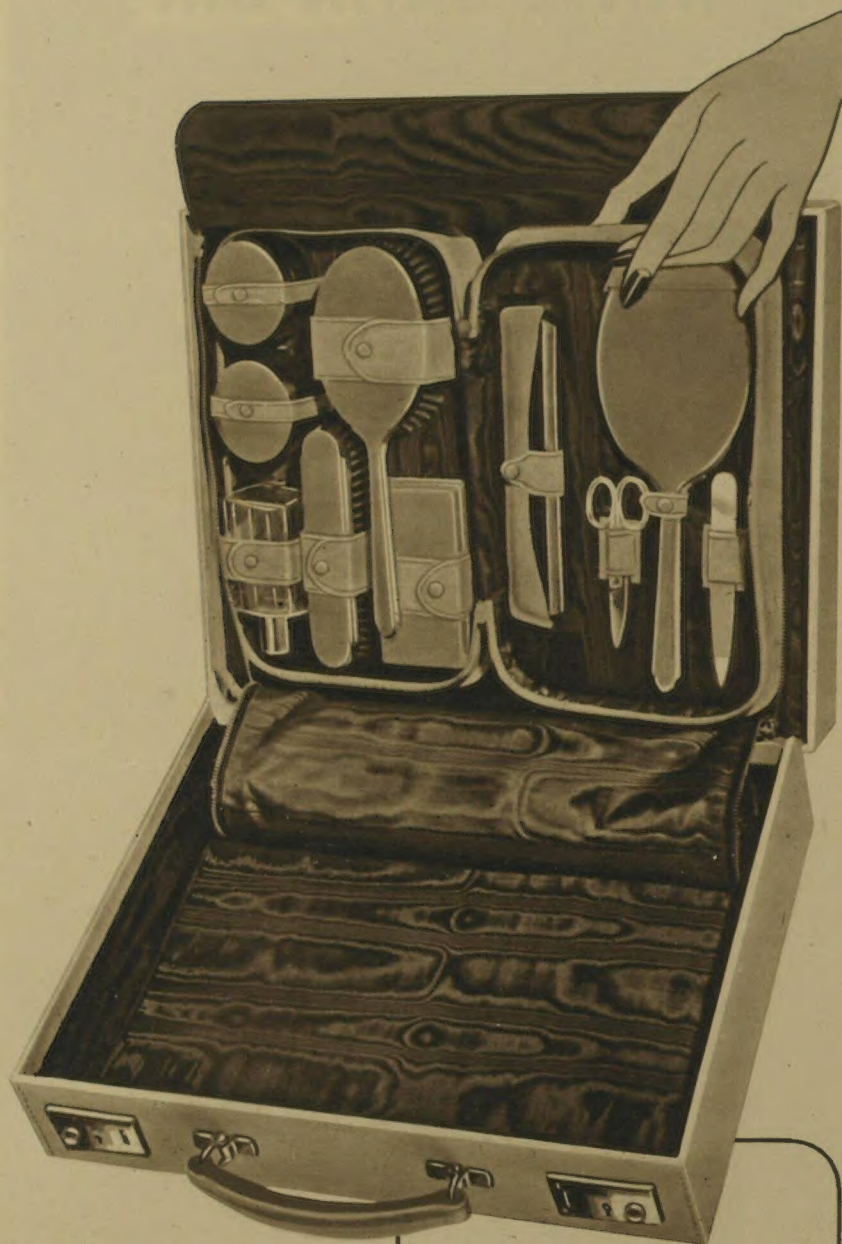
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Satin*



Maximum U.K. prices : 33/9 per bottle ; 17/7 half bottle ; 9/2 qtr. bottle ; 3/7 miniatures.

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*in a lightweight
travelling case*



Weighing about 9lbs., this interesting travelling case in 'Luxan' hide and other leathers is really two cases in one. Fitting neatly into the top is a removable case, with zip fastening, which contains a dressing-table service and which can be used separately. Fittings are in engine-turned silver, silver gilt, or enamel.



The interior case may be obtained separately if desired.

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WOMEN IN THE FACTORY NEED HELP IN THE HOME

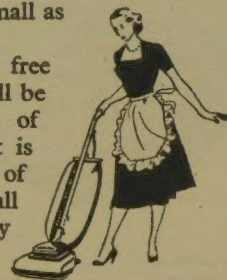


CONSTANTLY the call comes for more women to work in industry, to increase production both for rearmament and for the export drive.

But if a woman is to work in a factory and at the same time run a home, she needs — and deserves — the best possible labour-saving equipment for her domestic duties.

We at Hoover Limited derive satisfaction from the knowledge that our electric cleaners are doing so much to relieve unnecessary domestic drudgery; and we are proud that their average retail price, exclusive of purchase tax, is only 30% higher than before the war, despite the fact that both quality and design have been improved. We are equally proud of our popularly-priced electric washing machine, specially designed for the very small as well as the larger home.

We look forward to the day when, with free supplies of raw materials available, we shall be able to maintain maximum production of both cleaners and washing machines. It is our aim to supply these essential pieces of equipment at the earliest occasion to all housewives in all sections of the community at the lowest possible prices.



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INFORMATION FROM: Italian State Tourist Office (ENIT), 201, Regent Street, London, W.1, and all Travel Agencies.



ITALY

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SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1952.



VAN RIEBEECK SAILS AGAIN: A RECONSTRUCTION OF HIS FLAGSHIP *DROMMEDARIS* ENTERING TABLE BAY ON THE TERCENTENARY OF HIS 1652 LANDING AT THE CAPE.

On April 6, 1652, Jan van Riebeeck, with a small company, sailed into Table Bay, with orders (which he successfully carried out) to found a vegetable garden and storehouse for Dutch East India Fleets. On April 5, 1952, his landing was re-enacted as the climax of the South African Tercentenary Celebrations. On April 5 we gave a photograph of the modern reconstruction of his flagship

Drommedaris; we here show her sailing into Table Bay, all sails set. Van Riebeeck and his wife, represented by M. André Huguenet and Mme. Frances Fuchs, landed with their company, all in seventeenth-century costume, and handed to appropriate Government officials scrolls representing various Western ideals of life and belief brought to the Cape by the early settlers.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AMONG the more depressing of the minor horrors of the late war was a slogan much used by officialdom and prominently displayed in railway stations and other places where people travel, which asked the traveller: "Is your journey really necessary?" For those of us who had to make journeys on official business in the crowded, inadequate and excruciatingly unpunctual trains of the time, these reminders of duty sometimes seemed like insult added to injury. As one fought one's way on to the platform or emerged at long last from one's interminable ordeal, exhausted, filthy and hungry, one muttered some indignant rejoinder to the smug enquiry! Obviously one's journey was necessary, or one would never have been such a fool as to embark on it at all!

Yet the query was pertinent enough. How great is the temptation of needless journeying! What joy in life, except young love rewarded, compares with the pleasure that unnecessary travelling gives? And this of all times is the season of the year when it is most beguiling:

Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

All through April, "with his showers sweet," happy citizens, released from the long restraints and severities of our northern winter, are joyously setting out, complete with wife, child and even dog, for railway stations, bus terminuses or garages to embark on some completely unnecessary but utterly entrancing journey. Even necessary journeys at this time of year afford a certain pleasure. And if the wind blows from the south-west instead of from the east and it is not actually raining at the time, one's cup of joy for a few hours is full.

To anyone with a little historical imagination this perennial pilgrimage is made the more wonderful by the reflection of how many generations of English men and women have made it in the past. I have just been reading Professor Jack Simmons's delightful book, "Journeys in England." It is almost as good as taking a holiday journey oneself, or, indeed, a whole series of journeys. Cobbett in Wiltshire, De Quincey going down with victory on the outside of the laurelled night-mail, Tom Brown on the way to Rugby and his schooldays—"the music of the rattling harness and the ring of the horses' feet on the hard road and the glare of the two bright lamps through the steaming hoar frost over the leaders' ears"—Boswell and Johnson on the road to Harwich with the gentlewoman who never suffered her children to be idle, Don Juan getting his first glimpse of London from the top of Shooter's Hill, Cosmo de Medici going to the races at Newmarket, W. H. Hudson crossing the Hampshire Downs, Defoe on the turnpike—one of the very first—the poet Gray in the Lakes; there is no end to these pleasures. Perhaps the most fascinating of all are the very early journeys: Thomas Platter, the Swiss student, visiting Oxford in Elizabeth's reign; his great English contemporary, Leland, riding down the Tees; the indefatigable Celia Fiennes sampling the Derbyshire mines and mineral waters; and, best of all, Dan Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims riding forth for Canterbury from the Tabard Inn.

It is these mediæval ghosts on our highways who fascinate me most when I journey across our land. Think of the England of the fourteenth century which Chaucer travelled! the wild woodlands of Sherwood and Lonsdale, Cannock and Dean, Rockingham, and Bernwood, Epping and Windsor, Salcey and Alice Holt, and many more; the open downs grazed by the flocks of the white-robed Cistercians; the plains and valleys bright with new white church-towers by every river and in every fold of the hills, with great barns of stone and timber rising among the clustered village huts. And linking them, bridging the uncultivated wild between, the winding green roads trodden by ever-growing numbers of men and horses. The great metalled military highways with which Rome had spanned Britain had become—a thousand years after the Romans' departure—little more than a ghostly network. Though their course could be clearly traced by an imaginary aerial watcher, they scarcely existed in the consciousness of contemporaries. Their paved surfaces had long vanished, their causeways had been broken in innumerable places for quarrying, and their course everywhere deflected to serve local needs. The mediæval road did not run straight from distant capital to capital; it meandered round field, park and pale, respecting a thousand local liberties and quirks of history, from one little market town and village to another. It was not

surfaced for wheeled traffic or swift travelling. It was a mere grassy trackway for horses, cattle and pedestrians, with the brushwood cut back by Royal ordinance for a couple of hundred yards on either side to prevent ambushes. It was not so much a road in the modern sense as a route over which travellers had a right to pass. In winter, in the clay lowlands, these soft roads degenerated into undrained quagmires; in summer they became hard-baked, deeply pitted surfaces of hoof-holes and ruts. But so much of the countryside was still forest, waste and common that travellers could usually vary their course by making a detour across adjoining land. This, however, created a multiplicity of tracks and made it very easy in winter to lose the way. There are records of travellers even on so important a highway as Watling Street finding themselves as far off it as Buckingham to the west and Newport Pagnell to the east.

The normal mode of transport for all who could afford it was the cavalcade: the long procession of jingling, brightly-accoutred, splendidly-hung horses, with riders chattering or singing as they wound their way across the fields. To journey in company and make music as one went was the mode of the time. Only the king's messengers, forerunners of the post, travelled alone, and lepers, with their bells, sores and pallid faces, and abjured felons making their way from sanctuary to the nearest port, with bare feet and loose white tunic and wooden cross as the sign of the Church's protection.

Humbler travellers went on foot, with their wares on a pack-horse or

in a box on their backs. They went from one village or manor house to another, offering "pynnes, poyntes, laces, gloves, knyves, glasses, tapes or any such kind of wares whatever, or conys' skynes or such like things." They were the forerunners of Shakespeare's Autolycus, selling—

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as e'er was crow,
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses.

With them went a host of poor itinerants: minstrels, buffoons and ballad-singers, some aiming high at the castles and others at the gaping rustics on village greens; bears and bear-wards, men with performing monkeys, clowns, jugglers and girls who danced on their hands with swords in their mouths—a particularly popular turn in the Middle Ages—and herbalists selling wonderful panaceas for every disease.

But the travellers most akin to our own springtime mood were the pilgrims. Every summer great companies of them set out, with wallet, staff and scallop-shell, the pilgrim's emblems, and bagpipe and jangling Canterbury bell for music, to visit some distant or local shrine and afterwards return with relics—for the rich a splinter from a saint's staff or a flask of holy water and, for ordinary folk, a souvenir pewter-badge of his image worn on cap or breast. Many sought miraculous cures; many more were

holiday-makers travelling partly in piety and partly in the same mood that takes their successors to Stratford-on-Avon or Brighton. The most celebrated English places of pilgrimage were St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury and Our Lady's statue at Walsingham, in Norfolk—"the most holy name in England." Both were visited every summer by immense crowds. The routes to these were lined with chapels, inns, stables for hiring horses, huts where pious hermits besought the alms of the faithful, and hostels like the gild-house at Coventry, where a poor woman was kept to wash the feet of pilgrims. Hundreds of lesser places of pilgrimage were scattered about the island. Such was the holy well of Sir John Schorne at North Marston, in Buckinghamshire, a poor country parson who, being visited by the Devil, had lured him beyond the altar rails and conjured him into a boot. A mechanical replica of the miracle re-enacted it daily before the eyes of pilgrims, and small wooden reproductions, said to be good for the gout, were sold by the shrine's custodians, becoming forerunners of the child's toy, the Jack-in-the-Box. It was symptomatic both of the simple credulity of the age and the isolation of one part of England from another that villages in Norfolk, Suffolk, Devonshire and even Northumberland all commemorated the same saint and incident. Yet it mattered little: the excuse for the road was the thing. Even five hundred years later, I note with delight, the Eastern Regional Board of British Railways, seeking fares, advertises Master John Schorne's miracle on its charming illustrated poster-map of Norfolk as among the reasons why a man should visit that noble county.



REGARDED AS LOST FOR THE PAST FIFTY-FOUR YEARS AND NOW REDISCOVERED AND PRESENTED TO THE GERNSHEIM COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHY: THE WORLD'S FIRST PHOTOGRAPH, BY NICEPHORE NIEPCE, REPRESENTING A VIEW OF THE COURTYARD OF HIS HOUSE IN FRANCE.

The world's earliest photograph—a picture taken from nature by means of a camera and permanently fixed—has been presented to the Gernsheim Collection of Photography by Mrs. G. Pritchard, the widow of the last owner, who found it in a trunk which had been in store since 1917. The picture, recently found, is labelled "Niepce's first successful experiment from nature"; it is on a polished pewter plate, and represents a view of the courtyard of his house taken from the window of his workroom. On the left is the pigeon-house (an upper loft in the house); to the right of it a pear-tree with a patch of sky showing through the branches; in the middle the slanting roof of the barn. The long building behind is the bakehouse, with chimney, and on the right is another wing of the house. Nicéphore Niépce lived at Gras, near Chalon-sur-Saône, and began experimenting with photography in 1816. The year 1826 is considered the most probable date for the production of the above photograph—nine years earlier than Fox Talbot's first paper negative and eleven years prior to Daguerre's earliest surviving result. The Niepce photograph, reproduced above, is not only the world's earliest, but it is also the inventor's sole surviving photograph from nature. The original measures approximately 8 x 6 inches.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TERCENTENARY: COLOURFUL HISTORICAL PAGEANTRY.



ENTERING THE GREAT FESTIVAL STADIUM, CAPE TOWN, WHERE THREE CENTURIES OF SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY WERE REPRESENTED BY PAGEANTS AND PROCESSIONS DURING THE LAST WEEK OF THE TERCENTENARY FESTIVITIES: A BOER COMMANDO.



BORNE BY MEN IN COLOURFUL SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUMES: THE FLAGS OF THE NATIONS WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THE BUILDING OF SOUTH AFRICA.



REPRESENTING THE PIONEER JAN VAN RIEBEECK, WHO LANDED AT THE CAPE ON APRIL 6, 1652; AND HIS WIFE: M. ANDRE HUGUENET AND MME. FRANCES FUCHS.



SHOWING ONE OF THE MAIL COACHES WHICH ARRIVED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE UNION FOR THE PAGEANT: THE STADIUM, WITH AN OLD-TIME GARDEN-PARTY REPRESENTED IN THE CENTRE.



"LADIES OF LORD CHARLES SOMERSET'S HUNT": LORD CHARLES WAS THE FIRST REGULAR BRITISH GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE AND HELD OFFICE FROM 1814-1826.

The South African Tercentenary Celebrations at Cape Town ended on April 6 with services of dedication. During the last week colourful representations of aspects of South African history were staged in the form of processions and pageants. Huge crowds lined the streets to watch the parades passing along towards the Festival Stadium. The first settlement in the Cape, the development of the country, the coming of the Huguenots and the British settlers, and



THE LAST PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL: AN ACTOR REPRESENTING PAUL KRUGER (1825-1904), ENTERING A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE TRANSVAAL STATE COACH.

the achievement of freedom of the Press and national sovereignty were all depicted. On March 31 the principal event was the arrival of seven mail coaches, modern reconstructions of seventeenth-century vehicles, which had for weeks been converging upon Cape Town, bringing messages from the length and breadth of the Union. The first had been sent off by Dr. Malan from Ohrigstad, Transvaal, early in January, and had been fêted in all the towns and villages *en route*.

THE DUTCH ROYAL VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES: QUEEN JULIANA AT WASHINGTON AND KINGSTON, N.Y.



ON THE LAWNS OF MOUNT VERNON, WHICH THEY VISITED TO LAY A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF GEORGE WASHINGTON: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS (LEFT) WITH PRINCE BERNHARD AT WASHINGTON.



MAKING HER PLEA FOR THE *PAX ATLANTICA* AND "THE COLD WAR FOR PEACE": QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS (AT THE MICROPHONE) ADDRESSING A JOINT SESSION OF THE U.S. CONGRESS.



PRESENTING A CARILLON AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE FROM THE PEOPLE OF THE NETHERLANDS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES: QUEEN JULIANA SPEAKING AT THE WASHINGTON CEREMONY. SEATED ON HER RIGHT IS PRESIDENT TRUMAN.



QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS AND PRINCE BERNHARD BEING ESCORTED DOWN THE STEPS AFTER PAYING A VISIT TO THE SENATE BUILDING IN WASHINGTON.



ON THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FIRST DUTCH SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA: QUEEN JULIANA LAYS A WREATH ON THE STATUE OF PETER STUYVESANT AT KINGSTON, ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

ON the afternoon of April 2 Queen Juliana

of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard arrived in Washington, having travelled by air from Amsterdam via Prestwick and Gander, Newfoundland. They were met by President and Mrs. Truman and, after driving through the city, received its keys before the District of Columbia building. On the following day she addressed a joint session of Congress, as her mother, Queen Wilhelmina, did ten years ago, and spoke of the hope that lay in the *Pax Atlantica*, using the phrase "the cold war for peace."

On April 4 she attended a ceremony in Constitution Hall, Washington, to mark the third anniversary of the North Atlantic Treaty, and in the afternoon presented to the U.S., on behalf of the people of the Netherlands, a carillon as a symbol of Holland's gratitude. On April 5 the Queen and Prince Bernhard visited Philadelphia and, after a visit to Mrs. Roosevelt at Hyde Park, Queen Juliana went to Kingston, N.Y., while Prince Bernhard went to West Point. On April 7 they had a tremendous Broadway reception in New York.



QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD (CENTRE) TALKING WITH MR. DEAN ACHESON (RIGHT) AND MRS. ACHESON (LEFT) DURING A WASHINGTON RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE.



(ABOVE.) LEAVING THE ABBEY AFTER DISTRIBUTING THE ROYAL MAUNDY—THE FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT OF HER REIGN: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WALKING BETWEEN THE RANKS OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD WITH THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, CANON DON, BEHIND WHOM CAN BE SEEN THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

AT noon on April 11 her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. fulfilled the first public engagement of her reign when she went with the Duke of Edinburgh to distribute the Royal Maundy—that ancient Royal ceremony of Lenten humility. A crowd of about 5000 people thronged the approaches to the Abbey to see the Queen on this first public appearance of her reign. The gifts of money and the special Maundy coins were presented to twenty-six men and

(Continued opposite.)



Continued.] twenty-six women—the number being the number of the Sovereign's years of age and, on this occasion, the smallest since the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. After the ceremony, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with their children, left London for Windsor Castle. They are expected to stay at Windsor for about five weeks, and it is also expected that on their return to London they will take up residence in Buckingham Palace, instead of Clarence House.

(LEFT.) WHAT TAKES PLACE AT A ROYAL MAUNDY: THE SCENE DURING THE 1946 CEREMONY—WHEN THE LATE KING GEORGE VI. DISTRIBUTED THE MAUNDY MONEY, A CEREMONY WHICH OUR ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, WAS PRIVILEGED TO ATTEND AND TO RECORD. (FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF APRIL 27, 1946.)

THE QUEEN'S FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT SINCE HER ACCESSION: THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ROYAL MAUNDY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY—THE TIME-HONOURED ROYAL ACT OF LENTEN HUMILITY.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN THE RUINS OF ST. BRIDE'S: MEDIAEVAL AND WREN CRYPTS.



INSIDE THE WREN CRYPT, WHICH RUNS THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE CHURCH: THE VICAR OF ST. BRIDE'S AND THE VERGER EXAMINING THE BRICKWORK. THE HEAVY LAYER OF CHARCOAL THAT COVERED ROWS OF COFFINS IS SEEN IN FOREGROUND.



THE SOUTH END OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED CRYPT AT ST. BRIDE'S: A VIEW SHOWING ONE OF THE COFFINS, THE CHARCOAL AND THE DÉBRIS WITH WHICH THE FLOOR WAS COVERED.



SHOWING BONES AND SKULLS PILED TO THE CEILING: THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE FOUR RECENTLY DISCOVERED CRYPTS, ALL OF WHICH BELONG TO THE PERIOD OF THE WREN CHURCH.



THE OLD OSSUARY, OR CHARNEL HOUSE, RECENTLY EXCAVATED AT ST. BRIDE'S: A VIEW SHOWING THE NEATLY-STACKED BONES.



IN THE MEDIAEVAL CRYPT, WHOSE DISCOVERY WAS REPORTED IN MARCH: THE AMBRY IN THE EAST WALL, BETWEEN TWO RIBBED ARCHES.



SHOWING THE CHALK AND STONE BLOCKS IN THE WALL: THE BRICKED-UP LANCET WINDOW IN THE NORTH WALL OF THE MEDIAEVAL CRYPT.

The excavations in the ruins of St. Bride's Church, in Fleet Street, which are being directed by Mr. W. F. Grimes, the Director of the London Museum, have already led to some valuable discoveries. On March 13 the mediæval crypt was found after stone slabs covering a staircase had been removed, and on April 9 it was reported that four crypts, all belonging to the period of the Wren church, had been discovered on the south side. The largest, measuring 29 ft. by 21 ft. 7 ins., and estimated to be 12 ft. high, has been described by the Vicar as "a classical example

of Wren work, finer even than some of the vaults under St. Paul's Cathedral. It is worth preserving and would make a fine council chamber or museum." The floor was lined with layers of lead coffins covered over with a heavy layer of charcoal. One of the other crypts had been used as a charnel house and had human bones and skulls piled nearly to the ceiling, while a third had a 3-ft.-deep layer of neatly stacked human bones on the floor, covered by a layer of soil. Donations to the restoration fund are now coming in from all parts of the world.

ITEMS ANCIENT AND MODERN, A LANDSLIDE, AND A MOVING WINDMILL IN HOLLAND.



HOUSES AND TREES TILTING TOWARDS THE SEVERN AS THE LANDSLIDE THREATENS THE VILLAGE OF JACKFIELD, NEAR IRONBRIDGE, IN SHROPSHIRE: THE GAS MAIN HAS BEEN BURST.

Recently the development of a landslide has threatened the whole existence of the village of Jackfield (pop. 700), on the Severn, near Ironbridge. Houses are cracking, roads dipping and evacuation may be necessary. Gas and water mains have been burst. The cause is thought to lie in the floodings of old clay workings.

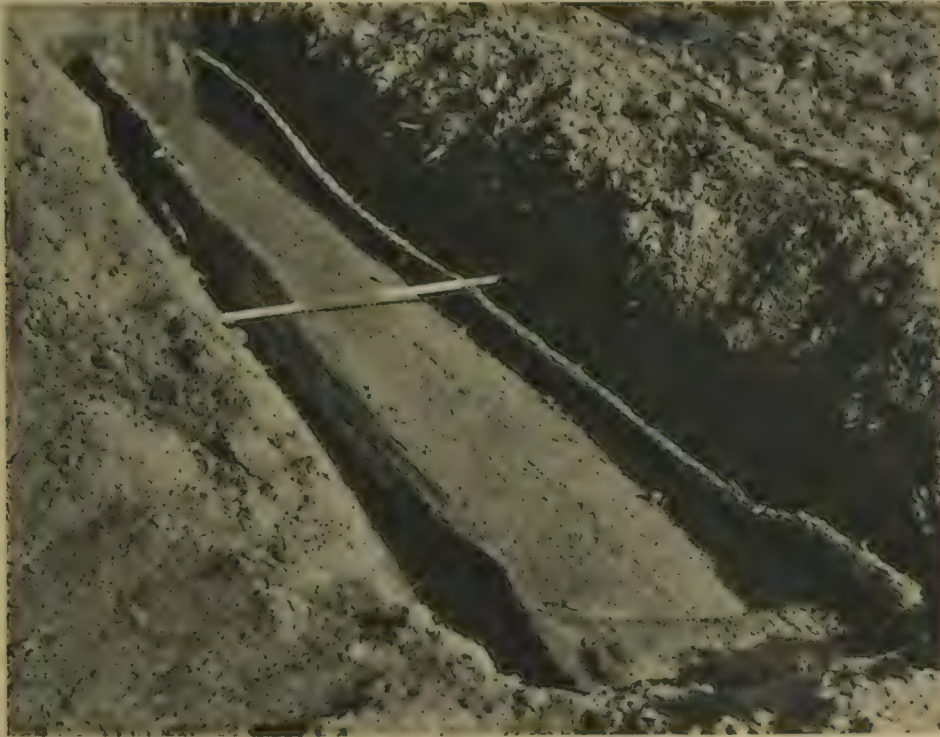


THREE-QUARTER FIELD ARMOUR OF ABOUT 1560: PART OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S COLLECTION, NOW ON EXHIBITION TO THE PUBLIC AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The collection of arms and armour, which is part of the German Royal Treasures belonging to the House of Brunswick, has been lent by H.R.H. the Duke of Brunswick and Luneberg for exhibition at the Tower of London. It was opened on April 9 and will remain open to the public until October. It includes many fine pieces, particularly armour for a 7-ft. man.



GODSPEED FOR KOREA: PIPERS OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY PLAYING AT THE GRAND HARBOUR, VALETTA, MALTA, AS THE LIGHT AIRCRAFT CARRIER H.M.S. OCEAN LEFT FOR THE FAR EAST TO RELIEVE HER SISTER-SHIP, H.M.S. GLORY.



RECENTLY FOUND AT SHORT FERRY, NEAR LINCOLN, DURING DEEP-PLOUGHING OPERATIONS: A BRONZE AGE "DUG-OUT" CANOE, ESTIMATED TO BE ABOUT 3000 YEARS OLD.

This canoe, estimated to be about 3000 years old, was found 2 ft. beneath the surface of a field at Short Ferry, near Lincoln, during deep-ploughing operations for sugar-beet. It is fashioned from the trunk of an oak-tree and is about 24 ft. long, 2 ft. wide at the bows and 3 ft. wide at the stern. The canoe is similar in design to one which was found at Brigg, Lincolnshire, and which was for many years in Hull Museum.



THE NORMAL LOAD CARRIED BY A U.S. AIR FORCE C-124 TROOP-CARRIER: ONE OFFICER, SIXTY-THREE FULLY-EQUIPPED MEN, TWO JEEPS, A TRUCK AND THREE TRAILERS.

This photograph shows the load carried by a C-124 Troop-Carrier and was taken at Fort Hood, Texas. The load includes one officer and sixty-three fully-equipped men, two jeeps, one three-quarter-ton truck, two half-ton trailers and one three-quarter-ton trailer.



TAKING THE WIND OUT OF ITS SAILS: THE REMOVAL OF A WINDMILL AT KAMPEN, IN THE NETHERLANDS.

Recently it became necessary to remove a windmill from the centre of Kampen, a Dutch town, and rather than have it pulled down, the local inhabitants arranged for it to be taken to a new site by road transport.

REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH Q.C.

"THE LAST SERJEANT." MEMOIRS of SERJEANT SULLIVAN, Q.C.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

BOOKS of reminiscences by lawyers are always readable. Even the least pretentious of them revive memories of interesting old cases and trials, record peculiar and commanding personalities of Bench and Bar, and are sprinkled with legendary epigrams and repartees and waggish anecdotes. Serjeant Sullivan's book contains all these things in full measure. But it has special added interest because of the remarkable character and career of its author, and because of the pictures it gives of an Ireland which has gone: the Ireland in which, *inter alia*, there were Irish R.M.s and King's Serjeants, of whom Serjeant Sullivan is the last. Many aspects of that Ireland are missing from his book. Just as he is exceptional amongst Irish barristers

he knew where he was, Lloyd George (as he puts it) handed twenty-six counties over to the anti-British and the other six to the anti-Irish. He came over here, was taken to the bosoms of both the Middle and the Inner Temple, and in his own person symbolised that union, not of parliaments but of sympathetic peoples, of which others, on both sides, have dreamed. "Through a golden mist," says he, in his valediction, "will ever shine the happy memory of 'Domus,' the institution whose sacred tradition moulds and fashions all the children of the Middle Temple. The atmosphere towards the awkward immigrant was not tolerance, but the air breathed kindness and welcome. The great men of the Profession bore with strange manners, overlooked faults and made me their companion. As persistent vitality advanced me in seniority, I felt strongly that the head of a most typical English body of professional gentlemen should not be anyone not native born. My objections were overborne and to me fell the entrancing task of receiving Her Majesty as a member of the Inn and voicing the welcome of 'Domus' as she took her seat at the High Table. She did not allow the roar of an enemy rocket overhead to interrupt her reply. That evening I caught a glimpse of the influence on human life and character of ancient rites and ancient shrines. We really did look down the vista of the 350 years that our old hall had witnessed, and it was then perhaps that I appreciated, as never before, how much I owed to the great Company that had enfolded me. By their generosity I remain one of them, ageing in all things save in my gratitude that so much happiness should have been bestowed on one who so little deserved it."

That is his own version. The opinion of this undeserving man held by his fellow-Benchers is expressed by Lord Jowitt in his Preface: "We found in him all the qualities which we associate with the true Irishman. He was full of good stories, of good humour, of kindness, and of good fellowship. He would defend the humblest citizen, if he thought he was being ill used, with the determination that a tigress shows in defence of her cubs—and certainly with just as much enthusiasm as he would have defended the millionaire. For he never forgot that he was a member of a great profession—and he never regarded himself as being engaged in a trade. I, who have recently been elected to the Treasurership of the Middle Temple,

count it as a signal honour that it falls to me to write this foreword. I feel sure that the readers of this book will get a lively idea of the gaiety, courage and idealism of the last of the Serjeants—and if they do they will understand why it is that his brother Benchers loved the man and still treasure the memory of his companionship." The "courage" referred to seems to have been conspicuously shown by the Serjeant, when he was practising at the English Bar, in refusing to be a party to the deliberate running-up of costs by solicitors.



COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE: MR. ARTEMUS JONES AND PROFESSOR J. H. MORGAN (RIGHT).

Continued. a vessel laden with arms and ammunition. The latter was captured by a patrol boat. Casement landed in a collapsible boat and was captured on April 24. Casement was tried for treason, convicted and sentenced to death on June 29, 1916. His appeal was dismissed on July 18, and on August 3 he was hanged at Pentonville, London. [Photographs reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of May 6 and May 20, 1916.]

For that I must take his word: I have no right, from my own knowledge, to suspect them of such flagitious conduct.

The Serjeant's stories are numerous: some comic and some tragic. They include passages of dialogue in court which would adorn the pages of an Irish Dickens, were such a novelist happy to arise. The Serjeant has a genius for transcribing dialogue, some of it extremely mendacious; he can also tell a story very neatly when he is not quoting. A typical specimen is that about Patrick Murphy, who bought a pint in a bar, had to leave because he had no more money, stood on the kerb outside in the sun with his back to the window, found that the seat of his trousers was on fire, attributed the blame to the landlord, Mr. Scully, and sought the price of a few more pints: "Archimedes was supposed to have spent much time and trouble in devising a means of firing the hostile ships that beset Syracuse. Mr. Scully had never heard of Archimedes, though on cross-examination he admitted that he had a brother in Syracuse, who was a conductor on the Delaware and Hudson Railway. To attract custom he had put in the window of his public-house an enormous concave mirror, in which persons might contemplate their exaggerated images. By some mischance, Mr. Murphy had put the seat of his trousers into the focus of the mirror which that day did kindle such a fire of legal controversy as was not put out by Irish lawyers in my time. There was indeed a general consensus that there was negligence on the part of the mirror, but whether or not Mr. Murphy's trousers were guilty of contributory negligence was argued for a day. At the conclusion the Recorder reserved judgment and died before he had made up his mind."

So, as regards this knotty problem, shall I.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 682 of this issue.



SERJEANT A. M. SULLIVAN, Q.C., WHOSE MEMOIRS ARE REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Serjeant Alexander Martin Sullivan was born in 1871, and was a journalist before being called to the Irish Bar in 1892 and the English Bar in 1899. After his famous defence of Roger Casement in 1916 he returned to Ireland to resume his practice. There he devoted himself to the cause of law and order and became a "marked" man. He came to England, where he took silk, and developed a large practice. He was made a Bencher of the Middle Temple and in due course became Treasurer. Now, in the evening of his days, he is once more living in Dublin. [Reproduced from the book "The Last Serjeant"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Macdonald.]

(or, for that matter, Irishmen) in being a teetotaler, so he seems to have taken less than the usual amount of interest in sport and horses and social gaieties. When he was young "the Castle" dominated Ireland: but to him that was no centre of Viceregal levées and balls,

but a Government office with spidery tentacles. There were British garrisons of soldiery sprinkled about the countryside and enjoying Ireland; there were hunts all over the place, but he doesn't even mention the Galway Blazers. For all that sort of thing we must still refer to the works of Somerville and Ross. To him Dublin meant mainly the Four Courts; and the countryside he knew was the Munster countryside, where he practised in courts in which perjury was the rule rather than the exception, in

which juries were either prejudiced or terrified, and those counties which, boggy and stony, were overshadowed by the strife between the agents of absentee landlords, always screwing up the rents, and struggling tenants, unable to pay their rents in spite of the threat of eviction and finally finding themselves squeezed between the law and the moonlighters, gangsters who knew no mercy. He was a man with a very strict conscience, and a belief in law and its purpose of justice, though not in legal quibbles. He hated injustice and crime, by whichever side perpetrated, and was aware that the "patriots" could be at least as villainous as the agents of the "Saxon" absentees. It is evident that he did not object, intrinsically, to the British connection, being quite aware that the two countries are intimately bound together by both geography and blood. He was aware, also, that many Irish customs with regard to marriage and inheritance were bad. He was, in fact, a Home-Ruler. He came of a stock which produced many Q.C.s, K.C.s and M.P.s (the late, and much-loved, Maurice Healy was his nephew); he was proud of the fact that 300,000 Irishmen volunteered for the first War, in which Willie Redmond and Tom Kettle, both Nationalist M.P.s, were killed; he was equally disgusted by the villainess of the Irish "patriotic" murderers, the obduracy of the Orangemen, and the density of the British Government and its representatives, who always made a mistake if there was a chance of making one. He thought the Easter Week rising a savage folly; and the penalties which followed it equally savage and equally foolish. Then he found himself coming over to appear in an English Court to defend Roger Casement, a mentally afflicted megalomaniac who should not have been hanged. And, before

LEADING PERSONALITIES IN THE ROGER CASEMENT CASE.



THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL: SIR F. F. SMITH, K.C., M.P. (LATER THE FIRST LORD BIRKENHEAD), WHO WAS LEADING COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION.



BRITISH CONSULAR AGENT AND REBEL WHO WAS TRIED FOR TREASON BEFORE THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, CONVICTED AND SENTENCED TO DEATH ON JUNE 29, 1916: ROGER CASEMENT.



COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION: MR. TRAVERS HUMPHREYS (LEFT) AND MR. A. H. BODKIN.

In 1916 Serjeant Sullivan came over to England to defend Roger Casement. Casement, a strong Irish Nationalist, who had, however, accepted a knighthood in 1911, had tried, with little success, to recruit Irish prisoners-of-war for an Irish brigade, which, with the assistance of the Germans, was to expel the British from Ireland. Casement was arrested after sailing for Ireland in a German submarine which was accompanied by [Continued opposite.]



LEAPING FROM THE OCEAN LIKE A HOOKED FISH: THE U.S. SUBMARINE PICKEREL SURFACING AT SPEED.

This dramatic photograph showing the U.S. submarine *Pickerel* surfacing at an angle of 48 degrees from a depth of 150 ft. during a routine training exercise off Oahu, Hawaii, was taken from an accompanying submarine, *Sabalo*, which kept her under sonar "observation" while she was submerged and preparing to surface. The sonar apparatus gave the changing relative bearing of *Pickerel* to

the photographer so that he was enabled to have his camera approximately trained on the spot where *Pickerel* broke the surface. *Pickerel* was commissioned in April, 1949, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and a year later established a world record for submerged operations by travelling from Hong Kong to Honolulu, a distance of 5200 miles, in twenty-one days, using her "snort" apparatus.



THE THIRD-HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD: KANCHENJUNGA (CENTRE, RIGHT), 28,170 FT. HIGH, WHICH IS A PEAK OF THE EASTERN HIMALAYAS SITUATED ON THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN SIKKIM AND NEPAL. ONE OF THE BEST VIEWS OF THIS STUPENDOUS MOUNTAIN IS FROM THE INDIAN HILL-STATION OF DARJEELING.



THE FIFTH-HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD: MAKALU (RIGHT—WITH PLUME), 27,790 FT. HIGH, IN THE MOUNT EVEREST RANGE. THE PEAK ON THE LEFT IS CHOMOLOLO.



THE SECOND-HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD: K2, OR MOUNT GODWIN-AUSTEN (31,350 FT.), A PEAK OF THE KARAKORAM EXTENSION OF THE MUSTAGH RANGE.



THE SIXTH-HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD AND THE MAIN OBJECTIVE OF THIS YEAR'S BRITISH HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION: CHO OYU (CENTRE, LEFT), 26,750 FT., WHICH IS EIGHTEEN MILES WEST OF MOUNT EVEREST, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH.



THE HIGHEST AND THE FOURTH-HIGHEST MOUNTAINS IN THE WORLD: MOUNT EVEREST (LEFT), 29,002 FT., AND LHOTSE (CENTRE, BACKGROUND), 27,890 FT. THE ICE-FALL IN THE CENTRE LEADS TO THE WEST CWM; ON THE RIGHT IS MOUNT NUPTSE.

HIMALAYAN EXPEDITIONS: EVEREST, CHO OYU, LHOTSE, KANCHENJUNGA, MAKALU AND K2.

To climb Cho Oyu, eighteen miles west of Everest, is the main objective of this year's British Himalayan expedition, under the auspices of the joint Himalayan Committee of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club. Cho Oyu, 26,750 ft., is the sixth-highest mountain in the world. The five higher peaks are Everest (29,002 ft.), which members of the Swiss Mount Everest Expedition are

about to attempt to conquer: K2, or Mount Godwin-Austen (31,350 ft.), in the Karakoram; Kanchenjunga (28,170 ft.); Lhotse (27,890 ft.); and Makalu (27,790 ft.), none of which has yet been climbed. On this and the facing page we show photographs of these six peaks. Benefiting from Mr. Shipton's recent reconnaissance of Everest, the Swiss are to make a new approach from the south-west.

Mr. Eric Shipton, who led the reconnaissance expedition to Mount Everest last autumn, is now leading a British party in an attempt on Cho Oyu (26,750 ft.). Mr. Shipton and his team recently assembled at Jaipur, in Northern Bihar, preparatory to moving up to their training area below Cho Oyu. If both the present Swiss assault on Everest and the British attempt on Cho Oyu are

successful, two of the six highest peaks in the world will have been conquered. The position of Cho Oyu is similar to that of Everest in relation to the Tibetan plateau and the valleys of Nepal, and it is subject to the same weather conditions. Mr. Shipton's expedition made a point of reconnoitring the southern approaches to Cho Oyu last year and found a possible line of attack from the south-west.

HOW THE PLANTER LIVES IN THE MALAYA OF TO-DAY: PRECAUTIONS AGAINST TERRORIST ATTACKS.



(ABOVE.) SHOWING AN IRON HOOP WHICH IS BEATEN BY THE SENTRY AT HOURLY INTERVALS THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT: A GUARD-HOUSE NEAR A BRITISH PLANTER'S HOME.

GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER, High Commissioner for Malaya, stated on February 9: "I could win this war in three months if I could get two-thirds of the people on my side." The latest casualty figures show that the solution certainly does not rest with police and military action alone. In March, 128 terrorists were killed, wounded and captured, the lowest number since January, 1951, while the security forces' casualties numbered 191, the highest since last October. Meanwhile life on the British-owned rubber plantations and tin-mines—the basis of Malaya's wealth—goes on under siege conditions. The plantations are surrounded by a double apron of barbed wire 6 ft. high; Malayan guards with rifles and Bren guns man dug-outs and guard-

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.) THE FRAIL DEFENCES OF A PLANTER'S BUNGALOW: A SECTION OF THE BARBED-WIRE PERIMETER WITHIN WHICH HE CARRIES ON "BUSINESS AS USUAL."



GUARDING THE BARBED-WIRE PERIMETER OF AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME: A MALAY SENTRY WITH (RIGHT) A PARAFFIN-FED SEARCHLIGHT FOR USE AT NIGHT.



RETURNING UNMOLESTED FROM A TOUR OF THE ESTATE: A PLANTER IN HIS "ARMOURED CAR" ABOUT TO ENTER THE GATE IN THE BARBED-WIRE FENCE THAT PROTECTS HIS HOME.



A PLANTER'S "ARMOURED CAR": THE VEHICLE HAS BULLET-PROOF WINDOWS AND SNAP-RELEASE SHIELDS TO PROTECT THE WINDSCREEN IN AN AMBUSH.

**"BUSINESS AS USUAL"
IN MALAYA—UNDER
ARMED GUARD:
THE NEVER-ENDING
WATCH FOR
TERRORISTS ON A
RUBBER ESTATE.**

Continued.
posts connected by field telephones, by day and night. Trees have been felled for 200 yards around the planters' houses, to give the occupants a clear field of fire, and during the hours of darkness powerful paraffin-fed searchlights sweep the jungle approaches to the estates. Whenever the planter leaves the barbed-wire enclosure he must be on the alert for ambushes, and since the supply of armoured cars to Malaya falls far short of the demand, many planters have adapted their own cars by fitting bullet-proof windows and shields which can be dropped over the windscreen at a moment's notice. There has been a great shortage of automatic rifles, which have proved of great use against the Communist terrorists, but it was recently announced that 12,000 U.S. Army carbines are being shipped to Malaya, and that some of these weapons will be supplied to planters and tin-miners. In some areas intimidation and sometimes murder has been employed to induce tappers and other workers to leave the plantations, and guards have had to be provided to keep watch while the men are at work.

(RIGHT.) NEVER-CEASING VIGILANCE AS THE PRICE OF SECURITY: A GUARD-POST ON A BRITISH RUBBER ESTATE, WITH ARMED SENTRIES WATCHING THE ENCIRCLING JUNGLE FOR SIGNS OF TERRORIST ACTIVITY, AND A PARAFFIN-FED SEARCHLIGHT TO LIGHT THE AREA DURING THE HOURS OF DARKNESS.



A STEADYING FACTOR IN TERROR-RIDDEN MALAYA: BUSINESS AS USUAL ON A RUBBER ESTATE, WITH AN INDIAN TAPPER AT WORK UNDER THE PROTECTION OF AN ARMED MALAY GUARD, WHOSE PRESENCE PREVENTS THE INTIMIDATION—AND SOMETIMES MURDER—OF THE ESTATE'S EMPLOYEES.

WHEN I sat down to write this week's article I had just finished preparing a lecture to be delivered at the Royal United Service Institution on "The Use of Military History." My audience was to be military, so I had to deal with the subject mainly from the point of view of professional military men. Yet I did not state, and I have never considered, that this subject should concern them alone.

On the contrary, it appears to me that complete lack of interest in it, above all, failure to estimate the causes which make for war and the probable nature of war and its effects in varying circumstances may constitute a weakness in a democracy and has, indeed, done so in our past. "The story of the human race is war," wrote our present Prime Minister twenty-three years ago. "Except for brief and precarious intervals there has never been peace in the world; and before history began murderous strife was universal and unending." This view stands in flat contradiction to one prevalent in the Victorian age and popularised by a historian read by almost everyone who could read, John Richard Green, that war played but a small part in history, and least of all in our history. He was wrong when he wrote, and the statement looks fantastic to-day.

For those following the profession of my audience in the splendid building created by Inigo Jones, I have always been convinced that the study of military history is useful. They naturally approach it with another outlook and with greater concentration upon its detail and its technicalities than students of general history or the wider public. The essential aims are, however, the same, and the curiosity aroused in the seeker follows similar lines. I began my lecture by an effort to define those aims. First, the general reader wants to know "what the people of other times were like." So the military student strives first of all to discover what the fighting-men of old wars were like. Then, in general history we look for the origins of institutions, ideas, and customs. So in military history we seek the origins of theories of strategy and tactics, administration and discipline. Next, we search in general history for the characteristics of nations. Again it is necessary as well as interesting for the military student to examine those national military policies which reproduce themselves over and over again. Lastly, I put it that general history is read for sheer pleasure and because readers find it aids them to see and place themselves, and that military readers find the same.

High policy and strategy, I pointed out, change with the passage of time to a lesser extent than tactics, and are therefore of greater concrete value to the student, though this is not to say that no profit is to be found in tactics. I then selected instances

from old wars, one from the Second Punic War, one from the campaign of Louis XII. of France in Italy, a third from the French Revolutionary Wars, and strove to show that, despite the vast changes in weapons and equipment in these widely separated wars and between the last of them and our own times, certain principles emerged which could be applied to all four epochs. I tried to prove that, not only were factors such as Germany's fear of a war on two fronts in 1866, 1870, 1914 and 1939, and Russia's itch for the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, under Tsar or Bolshevik dictator, constant, but that the strategy in three wars covering a span of 2000 years was worth attention a century and a half after the last.

I go back to those words of Mr. Churchill: "The story of the human race is war." If the course of that story had altered, it would be reasonable to regard military history as an interesting hobby, like stamp-collecting, perhaps even—as I put it in my inaugural lecture at Oxford in 1946—"in a category approaching that of the history of prostitution, to be handed over to a handful of specialists, some of them suspect or even shady." But we have no reason to suppose that it is all behind us. Neither does the disease seem to have become more benign. On the contrary, this fever of war tends to become more malignant. While, therefore, military history may be a fascinating hobby, it possesses an actuality, a significance, which make it desirable that a large proportion of intelligent people should devote a certain proportion of their

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PLACE OF MILITARY HISTORY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

time and brains to its study. And it must be confessed that the general historians, even great figures among them, who have not thought well to do so, often labour under false impressions and communicate them to their readers.

In my lecture I combated the views expressed by some eminent soldiers that, even for the professional, time spent upon military history is largely wasted. If it does not profit him, it can hardly be of value to the student of other forms of history. My thesis is not, it need scarcely be said, capable of proof as though it were a problem in logic. And yet, applied to some instances, it may almost be that. It so chanced that after I had prepared the lecture, but before it had been delivered, I heard a discussion between officers whose experience went back only to the Second World War. The subject was a feature of German tactics, and one speaker put forward the view that a certain form of action which he had himself observed might have been common in the German Army during that war. Now, in fact that form of action had its origin in the First World War, and can be traced as a general principle in German military doctrine

It was not the first war in which the pros and cons of concentration and dispersion, direct attack and diversion, had to be weighed. It was not the first war in which Britain had to work with an ally who subordinated the common interest to a particular interest or looked forward to obtaining post-war advantages over the nations engaged on her side almost as eagerly as to the defeat of the common enemy.

Nor was this the first war after which faithlessness in allies and the breach of engagements speedily brought about regrouping of interests, so that the former ally now represented the greatest danger to peace and the former enemy began to appear the only possible makeweight against ambition and aggression. The historian may note how the old theory of the balance of power, condemned as an anachronism and a danger during the war, reappeared and was adopted almost as soon as it was over. Its restoration was due, not perhaps to a change in the principles of our statesmen—Mr. Bevin had been among those most outspoken in its condemnation—as to the inevitable force of circumstances. It arouses none the less the reflection that, unless the world undergoes a reformation which looks improbable at the moment, the balance of power may prove to be, as it was in the nineteenth century, the best barrier to wars between great nations.

The main fields of history are political and economic, the second having reached equality of status, perhaps still a bare equality, with the

first in recent times. Military history may be considered slightly less important than either, but it is, I contend, required for the understanding of both. Sometimes it uses a jargon which repels the newcomer, but this is not necessary and is not entirely absent from economic history either. For the production of complete and rounded historical recording the specialists in the three fields should work in closer communion than they generally do and borrow more amply from each other's ideas and material. And if we demand of the military historian that he should humanise himself, which he of all men ought to do, because the human factor is of such high importance in war, the same plea ought to be addressed to the political historian, especially the diplomatic, and to the economic. I do not mean by this the military historian should avoid technicalities. Campaigns and single battles hang upon technicalities in tactics, arms and supply; their results cannot be understood without reference to these factors. But when handled by a competent historian with a good pen they are all readily comprehensible. It is the



LORD ISMAY FORMALLY TAKING OFFICE AS SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION ON APRIL 4, THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY: A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY AT N.A.T.O.'S HEADQUARTERS, 13, BELGRAVE SQUARE, WITH LORD ISMAY PRESIDING (LEFT, BACKGROUND; HOLDING A CIGARETTE).

The third anniversary of the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty was the occasion, in London on April 4, of Lord Ismay formally taking office as Secretary-General and the retirement of Mr. Charles M. Spofford as Chairman of the North Atlantic Council Deputies. General Alfred M. Gruenther, Chief of Staff to General Eisenhower, participated as the representative of S.H.A.P.E. The Deputies' Council, the Defence Production Board and the Financial and Economic Board are now abolished and their work will be carried out by a Council of Permanent Representatives and international secretariat under the direction of Lord Ismay in Paris. The headquarters is now temporarily established in the United Nations annexe to the Palais de Chaillot.

continuing throughout the period between the two great wars and carried on into the second of them. It struck me that it was an excellent idea for the speaker in question to have worked out the idea actuating the German tactics from his own observation. On the other hand, it would have been useful if he or some other in the company had realised that what he saw was a principle in action. As matters stood, he had no means of knowing that what he saw was anything more than the inspiration of the moment or belonging to particular circumstances in a particular campaign, whereas, in fact, the theory had almost universal application.

This was the field of tactics, which, as I have pointed out, change more frequently, more rapidly, and more completely, than strategy. The opinion is often advanced that strategy has been so heavily influenced by the range of weapons and the invention of new ones, as well as by the vast amount of paraphernalia which modern forces carry about with them, as to put former ideas on the subject entirely out of date. This is a shallow view. Methods alter, and many new factors have to be taken into account, but the framework remains. Certain of the great problems which came up for solution in the Second World War, such as the relation between strategy in Western Europe and in the Mediterranean, reveal indeed changes which may be likened to the difference in the uniforms of the officers discussing them at various periods, but at the same time an essential likeness.

execution, the control, which is difficult.

The foremost need for an understanding of military history is that we are all the heirs of war. It has helped to shape our development and our surroundings. And on countless occasions it has done so not by any process of inevitable destiny but in unexpected and unpredictable ways. The influence of great commanders, of the forces under their orders, and of the strange chances and accidents which form eternal features of warfare have brought about great changes in the development of mankind. Where they cannot be considered wholly responsible for such changes they have even more frequently hastened them. The career of Napoleon is only the outstanding modern example of this truth. In other cases they have retarded the advent of the inevitable, and perhaps the intervening time has given birth to modifications which would not have occurred if the change had been sudden and violent. It is also a weakness, to which some historical minds are particularly prone, to minimise the importance of war on account of moral aversion to it. If we were to slur over every aspect or phase of history that we found repellent we should produce curious and unprofitable records indeed. To trace how wars arose, why victory awarded her palms as she did, what were the effects of the conflicts, how far and with what variations they are likely to be reproduced: these tasks I believe to be worthy and necessary occupations of the historian which do not deserve to be slighted.



OFF TO THE NORTHERN BEACHES, OVER THE FAMOUS SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE, WHICH CARRIES TRAINS, TRAMS, ROAD TRAFFIC AND PEDESTRIANS: CARS AND OMNIBUSES APPROACHING UP THE RAMP TO THE TOLL GATES, WHERE ALL TRAFFIC STOPS TO PAY TOLL BEFORE CROSSING.



ALL BOUND FOR THE FAMOUS MANLY BEACHES NORTH OF THE CITY: MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN STREAMING ALONG CIRCULAR QUAY TO TAKE TICKETS FROM THE AUTOMATIC MACHINES AT THE BARRIER BEFORE BOARDING THE STEAMER SEEN WAITING ALONGSIDE ON THE RIGHT. THE DIAL MARKED "MANLY BEACH" INDICATES THAT STEAMERS GO EVERY HALF-HOUR.

SYDNEY'S WEEK-END ONE-WAY TRAFFIC BY ROAD AND STEAMER FROM THE CITY TO THE SEASIDE PLAYGROUNDS: THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON RUSH TO THE BEACHES.

The week-end rush to the beaches is a feature of Sydney life. On our following page we show Manly Pacific Beach and here illustrate methods of going there. Wheeled traffic carries many people over Sydney Harbour Bridge, and on Saturday afternoons each traffic line has a queue of cars waiting to pay at the Toll Gate.

In addition to the roadway there is a tramway (right) and a railway (left), both running at a lower level, and thus not shown. Ferry steamers also start every half-hour from Circular Quay for Manly Beach. Our lower drawing shows crowds passing through the turnstiles, where they pay their fares before going aboard.

FROM THE DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



SHARK ALARM!—AN AUSTRALIAN BATHING HAZARD.

BATHERS ON MANLY PACIFIC BEACH, SYDNEY, DASHING FOR THE SAFETY OF THE SHORE WHEN WARNED OF DANGER BY LOUD-SPEAKERS AND PATROL BOAT SIGNALS.

Readers may have observed the absence of drawings by our Special Artist, Captain Bryan de Grineau, for a good many weeks from our issues. The reason for this is explained by the drawings on these pages and the preceding one. He has been in Australia, where he made a number of drawings of places on the route of the proposed Royal Tour, cancelled on account of the death of his late Majesty, but which the Queen has expressed a hope that she may carry out at some future time. During his journey, Captain de Grineau saw many aspects of life in the Commonwealth of Australia, and travelled over 50,000 miles by B.O.A.C., Q.A.N.T.A.S., and Australian

National Airways. Sydney, chief city and capital of New South Wales, stands on the shores of Port Jackson, with a water-frontage of 152 miles. The harbour extends inland for twenty miles, surrounded by scenery of surpassing beauty, and is spanned from north to south by the world-famous Sydney Harbour Bridge, an engineering marvel opened in 1932. Australians are very fond of surf-riding, bathing and swimming, and at week-ends throughout the year the inhabitants of Sydney flock to the many splendid beaches within easy reach of the city in search of coolness and seaside amenities. At Manly, bathers have the choice of the great enclosed swimming

pool at North Harbour, on the Sydney side, or of the very attractive Pacific beach on the north side of the spit of land on which Manly is situated. Here great surf breakers roll in from the ocean, but there is one disadvantage—the ever-present danger of sharks. Few of Sydney's famous beaches are completely immune from visits of these fish, but this does not worry the city's thousands of beach enthusiasts, and any risk is, of course, greatly minimised by the excellent system of shark warnings. At Manly Pacific beach a special watch-tower has been built in which a vigilant look-out is kept for any signs of the ferocious visitors; and life-guard

boats keep up a ceaseless patrol of the bathing areas, which are marked out by flags. The alarm of "Shark" is given by the patrol boat crewmen elevating their oars and by loud-speakers and sirens controlled from the watch-tower. As soon as this happens the bathers make an immediate dash for the safety of the land, directed by loud-speakers. The danger-point is often the shallow water and channels along the foreshore, where a frightened shark will maul anything that is in its path. Our Artist's drawing illustrates the dramatic moment when a general dash for safety is in progress following the sounding of the alarm.

FROM THE DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

FOLK MUSIC OF INDIA: PRIMITIVE INSTRUMENTS OF PRIMITIVE PEOPLES.



ADORNED WITH PELLET-BELLS AND SMALL OPEN BELLS: THE PEACOCK-PLUMED SYMBOL OF THE KOLAM GOD AYAK, CARRIED IN PROCESSION.



A HOLLOW WOODEN GONG (WITH A CONCEALED SLIT AND BEARING A CARVED FIGURE). NORMALLY BEATEN WITH A STICK, HERE CARRIED BY A MURIA DANCER OF BASTAR.



THIS COWBELL-SHAPED WOODEN GONG IS CARRIED BY A MURIA BOY OF BASTAR AND BEATEN WITH TWO HEAVY STICKS TO PROVIDE THE RHYTHM FOR A GIRLS' DANCE.



(RIGHT AND CENTRE) TWO GOND MUSICIANS SINGING AND BEATING ON EARTHENWARE BOTTLE-SHAPED DRUMS. (LEFT) A DOUBLE-ENDED WOODEN DRUM FOR UNACCOMPANIED DANCE RHYTHMS.



A HUGE LOG-DRUM, CARVED FROM A SINGLE TREE BY KALYO KENGUY NAGAS ON THE ASSAM-BURMA BORDER. BEATEN WITH HEAVY MALLET AND AUDIBLE FOR SEVERAL MILES.



PERHAPS THE MOST PRIMITIVE OF ALL INDIAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: SWORD-BEAN SEEDS USED AS RATTLES BY HILL REDDI DANCERS.



GADABA GIRLS OF THE ORISSA HIGHLANDS USING THEIR WATER-POTS AS DRUMS. THE CHAINS ABOUT THE NECK OF THE POT ARE USED TO SHARPEN THE TONE, THE PITCH BEING VARIED BY THE HAND COVERING THE OPENING.

On this and the following three pages we reproduce photographs of a number of primitive Indian musical instruments. These have been taken by Dr. C. von Fürer-Haimendorf, Professor of Asian Anthropology in the University of London, who writes:

THE exceptionally wide range of cultural levels characteristic of the Indian sub-continent is reflected in the many different types of musical instruments employed by the various sections of the population. Quite apart from the numerous highly-developed instruments of Indian classical music, there is a great variety of musical instruments belonging to the sphere of folk and tribal music. Every major type of musical instrument, from the huge xylophones or "log-drums" carved from whole tree-trunks used in the head-hunting ceremonies of the Naga tribes to the delicate fiddle of the Pardhan bard of the Deccan, is represented among one or other of India's aboriginal tribes, and many of the village musicians of more advanced communities use types of musical instruments hardly superior to those played by primitive tribesmen. Music plays a very important rôle in the life of the Indian tribes. It is an integral part of most religious rites and many a festival is unimaginable without dancing and

drumming. The playing of musical instruments is not the domain of a few professional musicians, but every young man will alternatively dance and drum, or perhaps combine both by carrying a drum slung over his shoulder and beating the rhythm. Drumming is also required to provide the rhythmic sound inductive of the states of trance and spirit-possession which are regular features of many tribal feasts. Different again is the elaborate music of such hereditary bards and musicians as the Pardhans of the Deccan and Middle India, whose traditional task is the ritual recitation of the sacred myths and epics of the Raj Gonds. Like the Greek bards of Homeric times, Pardhans are the repositories of tribal tradition, and their recitations, accompanied by playing on a violin-like instrument, the *kingri*, last sometimes from nightfall to first cock's crow. Great is also the diversity of flutes and pipes. Though sometimes played in the service of tribal gods, they are the favourite instruments of lonely cattle-herds or nocturnal watchers of crops. The study of Indian folk instruments is only in its beginning, and while photographs and museum specimens permit the establishment of a provisional typology, the origin, distribution and historical affiliations of many of the more primitive instruments is still a matter of conjecture.



THESE GADABA WOMEN ARE USING THE BLADES OF THEIR FIELD-HOES AS SIMPLE CYMBALS, CLASHING THEM TOGETHER TO MARK A RHYTHM.

"SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL": INDIAN DRUMS FOR DRUMSTICK AND FINGERS.



CHENCHUS OF THE DECCAN JUNGLES TIGHTENING THEIR SINGLE-MEMBRANE DRUMS BY THE HEAT OF THE FIRE—THE ONLY METHOD OF TUNING THESE SIMPLE DRUMS.



A BIG DRUM OF THE HILL REDDIS. THE CARRIER BEATS THE BASS ON ONE FACE WITH A STICK, WHILE THE SECOND MAN BEATS A LIGHT RHYTHM ON THE OTHER.



PRIMITIVE CHENCHUS OF THE FOREST DANCING TO THEIR SINGLE-MEMBRANE DRUMS. THESE ARE BEATEN WITH A HEAVY STICK AND A LIGHT STICK.



TWO TYPES OF HILL REDDI DRUMS. THE CYLINDRICAL IS BEATEN ON BOTH FACES, WITH STICK AND HAND: THE HOUR-GLASS TYPE ON ONE FACE ONLY WITH THE FINGERS AND PALM OF ONE HAND.



A KHAND DANCER FROM THE GOND STATE OF BARANGARI PLAYING A BARREL-SHAPED DOUBLE-MEMBRANE DRUM. MANY RAWHIDE LACINGS TAUTEN THE MEMBRANES.



A BISON BULL DANCE, WITH KOYAS OF HYDERABAD, ADORNED WITH BISON-HORNS AND PEACOCK HEAD-DRESSES, PLAYING CYLINDRICAL DRUMS. ONE HAND WIELDS A STICK, THE OTHER DEVELOPING A COMPLEX FINGER RHYTHM.



AN IRON KETTLE-DRUM OF ADVANCED TYPE IN A GHOSAIN MONASTERY OF HYDERABAD. BEATEN WITH TWO STICKS, IT GIVES A DEEP MENACING NOTE, MATCHING THAT OF THE TEMPLE TRUMPETS.

The photographs of Professor C. von Fürer-Haimendorf on this page all show various Indian drums of varying development. The single-membrane drums of the Chenchus, who are among India's most primitive forest peoples, are very simple in form and are the sole musical accompaniment to their dancing. They do not even sing. All those who have seen Indian dancing in London must have

been impressed by the complex rhythms obtained by the finger-and-palm technique, and for this style of drumming the drum in the right middle picture is perhaps the classical type. The big cylindrical drums, it would appear, are played in two ways: either by two players with differing sticks; or by one player using a heavy stick for a *continuo* effect, while palm and fingers decorate the rhythm.

"FLUTES AND SOFT RECORDERS": PRIMITIVE INDIAN WIND INSTRUMENTS.



A PARDHAN OF NORTH HYDERABAD BLOWING A LARGE BRASS HORN—MADE IN TWO PIECES BY A VILLAGE BRASSFOUNDER. HAS A SMALL RANGE AND IS USED ONLY CEREMONIALLY.



BAMBOO FLUTES, ONE DECORATED WITH PEACOCK FEATHERS, PLAYED BY PRIMITIVE KOLAMS FROM NORTHERN HYDERABAD. THESE FLUTES HAVE FOUR TO SIX STOPS AND A HAUNTING TONE.



A THEOCRITICAN SCENE: A HILL REDDI HERD-BOY PERCHED ON A TREE-STUMP AND PLAYING A GOURD PIPE. TWO REEDS, ONE WITH FOUR STOPS, ARE INSERTED IN A BOTTLE-SHAPED GOURD.



GOND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. (CENTRE) THE THREE-STRINGED KINGRI USED FOR ACCOMPANYING EPICS, WITH (LEFT) THE ANTELOPE HORN BOW. (RIGHT) A STRIDENT OBOE, USED IN NEARLY ALL GOND RITES.



A RECORDER OR END-FLUTE, MADE FROM A SMALL CULM OF BAMBOO: A SIMPLE INSTRUMENT USED BY GOND HERD-BOYS TO WHILE AWAY THE HOURS. NEVER PLAYED IN COMBINATION.



A NAIKPOD OF THE HYDERABAD HIGHLANDS PLAYING A SIMPLE TRANSVERSE FLUTE CUT FROM A BAMBOO CULM AND WITH SIX STOPS. THE NAIKPODS ARE PRIMITIVE CULTIVATORS, MOVING FROM PLACE TO PLACE.



A KONYAK NAGA OF THE ASSAM-BURMA BORDERLAND PLAYING A SIMPLE TRANSVERSE FLUTE WITH THREE STOPS. AMONG THE NAGAS FLUTE-PLAYING IS AN AMUSEMENT ONLY AND DOES NOT ACCOMPANY RITES.

On this page we reproduce a number of primitive Indian instruments photographed by Professor C. von Fürer-Haimendorf. Of these the most advanced is the *kingri*, the three-stringed fiddle with rectangular sound-box which is used by the Pardhans to accompany their recitations of the Raj Gond epics. In these recitations vigorous strokes underline each verse and elaborate interludes separate the stanzas. The remainder are wind instruments. The brass horn (top, left)

is only blown on ceremonial occasions, with an accompaniment of drums. The long flutes are used in nearly all Kolam rites; but the rest are nearly all instruments used by a single and usually solitary player to beguile his loneliness, and find counterparts in primitive peoples of all ages and places; and all alike conjure up idyllic scenes of Theocritean charm. They also arouse the strange thought that much of man's music derives primarily from boredom.

FROM THE JEW'S HARP TO THE KINGRI: PRIMITIVE INDIAN STRING INSTRUMENTS.



A SINGLE-STRINGED INSTRUMENT PLAYED BY A HYDERABAD GOND. THE NARROW BODY IS OF CARVED WOOD AND THE THREE DRIED GOURDS ARE USED AS RESONATORS. A SOLO INSTRUMENT.



A FOUR-STRINGED FIDDLE, IN WHICH THE BAMBOO NECK PASSES THROUGH THE DRIED-GOURD RESONATOR. HERE PLAYED BY A KANARESE LOW-CASTE VILLAGE MUSICIAN.



ONE OF THE MOST PRIMITIVE OF STRINGED INSTRUMENTS. A SINGLE NOTE IS PRODUCED BY TAPPING. USED BY THE HILL REDDIS. SEE TEXT BELOW.



A JEW'S HARP, MADE OF SPLIT BAMBOO AND HERE PLAYED BY A REDDI WOMAN OF THE GODAVARI VALLEY. AN INSTRUMENT OF WORLD-WIDE DISTRIBUTION.



A KANARESE BALLAD SINGER ACCOMPANYING HIMSELF ON A THREE-STRINGED FIDDLE LIKE THE VICTORIAN DANCING-MASTER'S "KIT."



A PARDHAN, OR GOND BARD, PLAYS THE THREE-STRINGED KINGRI WITH A BELL-HUNG BOW, WHILE RECITING SACRED GOND MYTHS AND EPICS. THE KINGRI IS ONLY USED FOR SUCH FORMAL OCCASIONS.

The primitive Indian instruments here shown (all illustrated in photographs by Professor C. von Fürer-Haimendorf) are all stringed instruments—if, indeed, the bamboo Jew's Harp can be dignified with that name. The most primitive is the curious bamboo instrument shown in the middle left picture. In this two strips of bamboo are separated from the main body with a knife, but are still

attached to the knot at each end. These strips are then lifted and tightened with three primitive bridges. The instrument is then used as a percussion instrument, and when the "strings" are struck with a thin stick they emit a single vibrating note. The single-string fiddle with three gourd-resonators (top, left)—always used as a solo instrument—somewhat resembles the classical Indian *vina*.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE MYSTERY OF PREENING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT all started with a remark I had made about the cormorant's habit of holding out its wings to dry and the belief that its plumage contains less oil than that of other birds. The value of a criticism lies in the stimulus it provides to look further into the matter, and in this case the search led me to some quite extraordinary information. It must be confessed that when I came to review my stock of knowledge on preening it was very small and the details vague. I knew that most birds have a preen-gland, or uropygial gland, at the base of the tail feathers, that this gland secreted oil, that ostriches and a few other species do not possess one, and that birds, when preening their feathers, are supposed to press the bill against the opening of the gland and, having taken some of the oil on to or into the bill, impart some of it to the feathers as they pass them through the bill. I had also supposed that water-birds were able to swim and dive without wetting the feathers, solely because they were rendered waterproof by this oil. But as my critic had pointed out, a dead bird falling on water soon became waterlogged, that there was no apparent oiliness of the feathers when one handled a bird, and it must be presumed that the overlapping of the feathers, with the muscular control of the plumage thereby implied, must contribute to the waterproof nature of the plumage as a whole. This, he suggested, would explain the waterlogging of the feathers of a dead bird, when the muscular control was relaxed.

This was a new idea to me, and a reasonable one, although not sufficient to explain everything. There was one thing I could do: go through the many books at my disposal to see what the various authors have to say on the subject. Many gave but a passing reference to the uropygial gland, others gave no more information, or slightly less, than I have

start to preen at the onset of a light shower of rain, and at a distance of a yard or so could see the oil glistening on the beak. Another gave me the information which alone makes this narrative worth while. He referred me to some observations by a Finnish ornithologist, Fabricius, made on nestling ducks a few years ago.

It had already been established by a Chinese investigator some time previously that when the

insect diet was stopped the oil-gland failed to function by the next day.

Observations were then made on young eider and merganser. The eider was fed, to begin with, on house-flies, an interesting point in itself, for it can hardly be supposed that this is the natural diet. The birds were, however, quite healthy and their feathers waterproof. When put on to a diet of crushed fish the health showed signs of deterioration in a very short while and the feathers were easily wetted. The results with the merganser are slightly different. It was fed on fish from the start, but at the end of ten days the feathers were no longer waterproof. When it was put on to a diet of insects, however, they quickly became waterproof. Fabricius uses the word "immediately," and if this word is being used advisedly and given its normal meaning, then it is significant, for in the case of the eider and the tufted duck the words used for the return of the waterproofing is "the next day."

Fabricius's observations are interesting more for their implications than their intrinsic value, though this is high. It makes possible a certain amount of solid deduction, and provides a basis for further definitive observation. Incidentally, when one recalls the minute details recorded for this or that aspect of bird behaviour of recent years, it is surprising that so little has been done on the subject of preening. One of the first concrete facts to emerge is that the functioning of the preen-gland is intimately linked with an insect or crustacean (water-flea) diet. At first sight it looked as though the essential factor might be a vitamin derived from the plant-food of water-fleas, and grasshoppers; but pond snails and swan mussels feed on plants or plant detritus, yet they failed to help, while house-flies that are omnivorous or carrion-feeders produced the desired result. Then there is the speed with which the gland stops functioning or starts up

again ("immediately," or "by the next day"), suggesting that the oil secreted is being constantly drawn from the body into the gland, and, with this, the speculative corollary that the oil is constantly being given out.

It should be possible to take this matter further, without undue difficulty, by ordinary observational research. Do nestlings preen, for example, and how often and at what age? Is the observed amount of preening in a duck, say, sufficient to account for a complete and constant waterproofing of the plumage, or is it that there is a continual seeping of the oil from the gland, which travels by capillary action over



BUSY PREENING THEMSELVES AT THE LONDON ZOO: THE ALMOST CONSTANT OCCUPATION OF PELICANS, WHOSE AWKWARD BILLS SEEM UNSUITABLE FOR CONVEYING OIL FROM THE PREEN-GLAND TO THE FEATHERS IN THE MANNER IN WHICH THIS IS USUALLY SUPPOSED TO BE DONE.

Pelicans are familiar inhabitants of zoos, and therefore widely and familiarly known to many. Perhaps the one vivid recollection we all have of these birds, apart from their capacious bills, is that they are so constantly busy preening themselves. Their feathers are described as harsh, and they do not overlap in the same neat way as those of a mallard. The purpose of this constant preening is obscure, the more so since the awkward bill seems unsuitable for conveying oil from the preen-gland to the feathers.

preen-gland of a bird is removed by a surgical operation, its feathers are easily wetted. Fabricius's observations were less open to criticism as to the method employed, and were based, in the first place, on chance



FROM THE SET OF THE FEATHERS PRESENTING LITTLE MECHANICAL OBSTACLE TO THE PENETRATION OF WATER, AND THEREFORE SUGGESTING THAT THE INDIVIDUAL FEATHERS MUST BE WATERPROOF: A DUCKLING SWIMMING, SHOWING THE FLUFFY PLUMAGE WHICH MUST REMAIN WATERPROOFED IF THE BIRD IS TO KEEP AFLOAT.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

given in my first paragraph. Pycraft, in his *History of Birds*, gives the most complete summing-up I could find, and it amounts to little more than I have given here, except to say that while most ornithologists accepted these things, some did not believe them. Their disbelief rested on anatomical grounds, on an inability to believe that a pelican or a hornbill, with their large unwieldy beaks, could perform such a delicate operation; that a bird like the scissor-bill, a relative of the tern, with its bill laterally-compressed to the thinness of a paper-knife, and with the lower mandible much longer than the upper, would be otherwise than completely handicapped. Ducks, too, in which one would suppose the use of such waterproofing oil had been brought to the highest pitch of perfection, had bills mechanically unsuited, from their serrated edges, for what must be a delicate operation. So much, then, for the written word.

Preening is such a commonplace affair, and so familiar to us all, that it seemed incredible that no more than this should be known. If the written word had failed me, perhaps the spoken word might produce better results, so I consulted several ornithologist friends. It was a comfort to find that they were no better informed than I was. One did contribute this at least—that he had seen pheasants at close quarters

events. He took six nestlings of the tufted duck and fed them on water-fleas. While on this diet they were healthy and the plumage showed the normal signs of resistance to wetting. Later on, to satisfy their tremendous appetites with food more readily procured, he fed them on crushed fish, hard-boiled eggs and bread soaked in milk. The following night one of them died and the next day the remainder became wet immediately upon being placed in water. A short time after two more died (a fourth had already died from an accident). The two remaining were now fed on pond snails and swan mussels. They regained health, but the preen-gland still failed to function and the plumage became wetted immediately they were put into water. By now the surviving ducks were nineteen days old, and they were put on to a diet of grasshoppers, which Fabricius reports they ate greedily and in quantity. In three days, on this diet, the feathers became once again waterproof, but if the



A COMMON ENOUGH SIGHT AND ONE MADE POSSIBLE ONLY BY THE WATERPROOFING OF THE BIRDS' PLUMAGE: A PAIR OF MALLARD UP-ENDED AND FEEDING.

How the waterproofing of the bird's plumage is achieved is the subject of considerable doubt, except that it depends upon oil secreted by the preen-gland. This commonplace event has received little attention in this heyday of intensive ornithological study.

the feathers, or must the oil be conveyed always by the beak? Has a duck with a damaged bill ever been seen swimming normally? And so on.

One thing, at least, seems certain: that a revision of thought is necessary concerning the habits of the cormorant. Perhaps the spreading of the wings—"to dry"—has started one of these obvious but erroneous ideas, and that it is in fact merely a trick of behaviour having no relation to the bird's swimming and wetting the wings.

THE U.S. NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.



HOW PETROL CACHES FOR THE U.S. AIR FORCE NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION ARE MARKED: A SMALL WIND GENERATOR RUNNING A TRANSMITTER THAT SENDS A BEAM TO THE AIRCRAFT.



RIGGED UP OVER THE ICE-HOLE AND THE HATCH OF THE AIRCRAFT: A TENT IN WHICH THE OCEANOGRAPHERS OF THE U.S. POLAR RESEARCH EXPEDITION CARRY OUT THEIR OBSERVATION WORK.

Two aircraft of the U.S. Naval air station at Patuxent River, Maryland, left on February 10 on a research expedition to the North Pole, where they hoped to be the first to land. One aircraft broke its landing-gear when trying to take off on March 27 from a floating ice-island known as T-3. There were no casualties, and three of the twelve marooned men were evacuated on April 7. Our photographs illustrate some idea of the difficulties which have to be overcome by the team of thirty-four, which includes a woman oceanographer. As it is not possible to sight visibly petrol caches, a small wind generator runs a transmitter that sends a beam the aircraft can follow. Oceanographers do all their soundings from a tent which covers the aircraft hatch, and thus captures the warm air from the ducts fed into the open hole in the ice and keeps it from re-freezing. The expedition "Ski-jump-two" is to last three months.

BRITAIN'S FIRST VETERAN CAR MUSEUM.

Last week we illustrated Palace House, which Lord Montagu of Beaulieu has opened to the public. One of its features is Britain's first Museum of Early Motor-cars and "automobilia." The cars on view include Lord Montagu's 1903 De Dion Bouton, which has been in the family for forty years and is still in use; an 1898 6-h.p. Daimler, very similar to the Daimler 12 in which King Edward VII. had his first car ride; an 1898 Benz and an 1895 Léon Bollée tri-car, beautifully renovated by its owner, Commander C. A. Woollard. The display also includes photographs and cartoons of early motoring days and the original Charles Sykes paintings for the Christmas Numbers of *Car Illustrated*, founded by the late Lord Montagu; as well as the original Rolls-Royce mascot and a beautiful mascot designed for the late Lord Montagu by Charles Sykes. The present Lord Montagu will be glad to receive as gifts or loans any early motoring relics or old cars.



EXHIBITS IN THE VETERAN CAR MUSEUM AT PALACE HOUSE: A 6-H.P. DAIMLER TOURER, 1898, LENT BY THE DAIMLER COMPANY; AN 1895 LÉON BOLLÉE TRI-CAR; AND AN 1898 BENZ.



AT THE WHEEL OF HIS DE DION BOUTON (1903), WHICH HAS BEEN IN THE FAMILY FOR FORTY YEARS, AND IS STILL IN USE AS AN ESTATE CAR: LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.



THE ORIGINAL SILVER ROLLS-ROYCE MASCOT (FOREGROUND; LEFT), THE MONTAGU MOTOR-CAR TROPHY (LARGE FIGURE) AND A SPECIAL MASCOT DESIGNED BY CHARLES SYKES FOR THE LATE LORD MONTAGU, WHO TOOK EDWARD VII. FOR HIS FIRST CAR RIDE.



THERE are all sorts of ways of brewing tea (we call the operation "mashing" in my part of the world), and the results can vary from the sergeant-major's tippie—black as night and sugared to the consistency of treacle—to the delicate, ambrosial liquid which the

view, consisting of snuff-boxes of all sizes, of a great variety of patterns: of square and oval pictures of the Royal Family, history and other pleasing subjects, very proper subjects for the cabinets of the curious; bottle tickets, with chains, for all sort of liquors, and of different subjects; watch-cases, tooth-pick cases, coat and sleeve buttons, crosses and other curiosities, mostly mounted in metal, double-gilt." Both in colouring and design the finest examples are derived from contemporary porcelain—indeed, were made to rival porcelain—and though they vary greatly in quality, they do come very near on

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. UNUSUAL TEA-CADDIES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

occasion, so much so that it is easy at a casual glance to be mistaken. Other sources are popular prints of celebrities and of course reminiscences—one can hardly say borrowings—from prints after Boucher, Watteau and Lancret.

The Battersea enamel casket and caddies of Fig. 1 are painted in colours, with cattle and figures in river landscapes, buildings and trees in panels with gilt scroll and foliage borders on a pink ground. The silver set (Fig. 2) which is illustrated to show how such pieces were made to a more-or-less standard pattern over many years—I mean by standard pattern not of course the shape of each individual piece but the arrangement of the two caddies and sugar-box—is earlier. The two caddies are by John East, London, 1731; the sugar-box in the centre is a Scottish piece, Banff, about 1730. It may seem a trifle odd to have a set made up from two sources: the explanation may well be that the original owner had two sets, one by a London, the other by a Banff maker, and the sugar-box of one found its way into the other's case.

The main centre of enamel manufacture after the disaster to the Battersea factory seems to have been Bilston, in Staffordshire, where the vast majority of the later eighteenth-century pieces were made, but the whole history of both the Battersea workshop and of the trade as a whole is exceedingly obscure and would well repay research. Perhaps the career of one of the very few individuals thought to have worked for Janssen at Battersea might provide a clue. This is Robert Hancock, the engraver, who is believed to have moved from the enamel factory at Battersea to the porcelain factory at Bow. Then he became a partner at Worcester, and eventually settled down in his own county of Staffordshire, near Bilston, though I have yet to learn whether any painted enamel can be ascribed to him. If you wish to appear exceedingly erudite you can look at these pretty trifles and point out that this type of enamel painting—or, rather, of painting on enamel—is a very late development in a long history which goes back as far as Assyria, and is not to be compared with mediæval enamelling by the *champlevé* or the *cloisonné* processes, which have been discussed before on this page. All this is true enough, but we might as well take things as we find them; this is how the eighteenth century adopted an ancient craft to its own notions of what



FIG. 1. PAINTED IN COLOURS, WITH CATTLE AND FIGURES IN RIVER LANDSCAPES, BUILDINGS AND TREES IN PANELS WITH GILT SCROLL AND FOLIAGE BORDERS ON A PINK GROUND: A RARE BATTERSEA ENAMEL CASKET AND TEA-CADDIES.

Tea-caddy sets were usually made in three pieces, two for two kinds of tea, the third for sugar, all three fitting into a larger receptacle, or casket. The Battersea enamel set illustrated is painted in colours, with cattle and figures in river landscapes, buildings and trees in panels with gilt scroll and foliage borders on a pink ground. (By courtesy of Christie's.)

noses of the discerning sniff so ecstatically that their owners can scarcely bring themselves to taste it. But however multitudinous the recipes for making it or eccentric the tastes, it is not usual nowadays for anyone to pay much attention to where and how it is kept before it reaches the table: a tin caddy in the kitchen is sufficient for most households. But when the herb was an expensive luxury instead of a comparatively cheap necessity, it was treated with more respect. It was kept under lock and key, and the caddy, or caddies, would be brought on to the table together with the other tea-making paraphernalia. As no one cared to see some very ordinary little box on a tray next to a silver service, silversmiths especially, and, as is evident from Fig. 1, other manufacturers too, devised a neat receptacle which would do honour to any drawing-room.

I am reminded that many years ago Mr. H. S. Twining allowed me to look over some of the ledgers belonging to his firm. Here is a copy of an account sent to Christopher Wren, son of the great Sir Christopher, in 1718:

March 11. To 1 pound bohea tea @ 20 and a can £1 0 9
March 14. " 1 pound ditto with pekoe @ 20 and can 12 6
Nov. 12. " 1 pound green tea @ 20 5 0

What a pound was worth in 1718 in modern money I don't know—but this will be sufficient to show that tea deserved a lock. Prices fell as the years passed, so that by 1737 green tea was down to 10s. a pound; and by 1785 to 3s. 4d.; but throughout the century social custom kept to the earlier fashion and the tea was still made as part of the tea-table ritual.

Tea-caddy sets were usually made in three pieces—two for two kinds of tea, the third for sugar. Here in Fig. 1 is a very rare set in Battersea enamel, both caddies and casket. Anything in enamel made in England is invariably labelled "Battersea," but in fact, though there was a factory at York House, Battersea, it was in active operation only from 1750 to 1756. Unless some further evidence has come to light in recent years, there seems to be no proof that the business was revived in that neighbourhood. The founder, Sir Stephen Theodore Janssen, went bankrupt, and here is the advertisement of the sale of the stock: "Beautiful enamels, coloured and uncoloured, of the new manufactory carried on at York House, Battersea, and never yet exhibited at public



FIG. 2. A SET OF GEORGE II. CADDIES IN SILVER: THE SUGAR-BOX IN THE CENTRE IS A SCOTTISH PIECE, BANFF, c. 1730; THE PAIR BY JOHN EAST, LONDON, 1731, WITH THE ORIGINAL WOODEN CASKET.

"It may seem a trifle odd to have a set made up from two sources; the explanation may well be that the original owner had two sets, one by a London, the other by a Banff maker, and the sugar-box of one found its way into the other's case," writes Frank Davis of this silver tea-caddy set. (By courtesy of S. J. Phillips.)

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

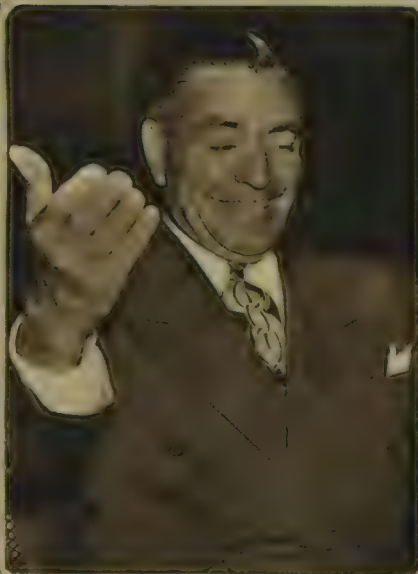
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was fitting. It was not concerned with reliquaries or church ornaments, but with elegant odds and ends—novelties is the word—to be sold, for the most part, in whatever corresponded then to the seaside gift-shop or the Burlington Arcade of to-day. It produced some rubbish, but also a great deal which, within the limits it laid down for itself, is charming and gay and, moreover, useful—and yet other pieces, such as the contents of this casket, which, by some indefinable magic go beyond the normal standards of a novelty shop and take their place among the finer examples of craftsmanship.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



APPOINTED AS THE NEW UNITED STATES ATTORNEY-GENERAL: MR. J. P. MCGRANERY. Mr. James P. McGranery, a fifty-six-year-old Federal judge from Pennsylvania, was appointed U.S. Attorney-General in succession to Mr. McGrath on April 3. It was announced on April 8 that the Senate Judiciary Committee had decided to hold hearings on Mr. McGranery's fitness to be Attorney-General; an unusual step, as Mr. McGranery was a Member of Congress for some time.



MAKING THE PRESENTATION TO THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S MEDAL: LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY, V.C. Paying his first visit to the R.A.F. College at Cranwell, Lincolnshire, on April 9, the Secretary of State for Air, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., took the graduation parade and made presentations. The sword of honour was won by Flight Cadet Under-Officer R. Parfitt; and the Queen's Medal by Flight Cadet Sergeant R. J. Bannard, who can be seen in our photograph.



WINNER OF THE OPEN CAR CLASS IN THE R.A.C. SECOND INTERNATIONAL RALLY: MR. A. G. IMHOF IN HIS ALLARD J.2, WITH HIS CO-DRIVER. The Open Car Class, main prize in the second R.A.C. International Rally sponsored by the *Daily Telegraph*, was won by Mr. A. G. Imhof (183.8 marks) in a two-seater Allard J.2, fitted with a Cadillac engine. Mr. J. C. Broadhead (185 marks) in a Jaguar, was second. The Closed Car Class (155 competitors) was won by M. Marcel Becquart, in a Jowett. The Rally finished with an elimination test on April 5 at Scarborough. Mr. Imhof's co-driver was his sister, Mrs. Barbara Frayling.



THE BRITISH C-IN-C. LAND FORCES, MIDDLE EAST, IN JERUSALEM: GENERAL SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON (R. CENTRE) WITH GENERAL GLUBB PASHA, COMMANDER, ARAB LEGION. General Sir Brian Robertson, 2nd Bt., Commander-in-Chief British Land Forces, Middle East, since 1950, left his headquarters at Fayid on March 31 to pay a courtesy visit to the Hashimite Kingdom of Jordan. He is seen in our photograph in Jerusalem with General Glubb Pasha, commander of the Arab Legion. General Robertson's command covers the largest area of any command in the British Army, as it includes Egypt, the Mediterranean and East Africa.



MR. ISAAC JAMES HAYWARD. Socialist Leader of the London County Council, whose party recently established unchallenged supremacy for the next three years, after a similar period in which they had a slender majority. In the elections, for which polling took place on April 10, Labour obtained 92 seats and Conservatives 37.



MR. EDWIN BAYLISS Has succeeded Mr. J. W. Bowen as Chairman of the London County Council. Mr. Bayliss, who is fifty-five, and a Socialist, has been Chairman of the General Purposes Committee for the last three years. He is one of the founders of the British Legion. He lost an arm during World War I.



SIR JOHN TILLEY. Died on April 5, aged eighty-three. His long and distinguished diplomatic career culminated in his being Ambassador to Japan from 1926 until his retirement in 1931; he was previously Ambassador to Brazil for five years. Most of the first thirty years of his career were spent in the Foreign Office.



MR. NICHOLAS EDEN. Son of Mr. Anthony Eden, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, went to Canada last month to take up his post as an A.D.C. to the Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey. Mr. Nicholas Eden interrupted his studies at Oxford to take up the post in Canada. Later he will take up Banking.



SIR EVELYN BARING. To be Governor and C-in-C. of Kenya in succession to Sir Philip Mitchell. The Governor of Kenya is also chairman of the East Africa High Commission. Sir Evelyn Baring, who is forty-eight, was Governor of Southern Rhodesia from 1942-44, and High Commissioner for the U.K. in the Union of South Africa and for Basutoland, the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland from 1944-50.

EVENTS OF NOTE AND PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A STUDENT NURSE AT HAMMERSMITH HOSPITAL: NALEDI KHAMA, SERETSE'S SISTER. Naledi Khama, a sister of Seretse Khama, who has been excluded for ever from the chieftainship of the Bamangwato tribe, is a student nurse in her second year at Hammersmith Hospital, London. Seretse's elder sister, Oratile, a widow in her fifties, who lives in the Francistown district in the far north of the Bamangwato Reserve, has been discussed as a possible chieftainess of the tribe.



A GUEST AT A RECENT DINNER IN LONDON: COMMANDER DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, U.S.N., K.B.E. Commander Douglas Fairbanks, U.S.N., K.B.E., D.S.C., the well-known film actor, was among the guests at the Master Tailors' Benevolent Association Dinner in London on April 7. Commander Fairbanks is at present staying in this country, where he is doing a series of television films for the U.S. network. Later in the year he is going to Ceylon to do a new film called "Elephant Walk."



WITH HIS SON, LIEUTENANT JAMES VAN FLEET, REPORTED MISSING ON APRIL 3: GENERAL VAN FLEET, EIGHTH ARMY COMMANDER, KOREA. Lieutenant James van Fleet, U.S.A.F., only son of General van Fleet, Commander of the Eighth Army in Korea, was reported missing on the night of Thursday, April 3, when a bomber of the 5th Air Force, of which he was pilot, failed to return from a mission over North-West Korea. He is twenty-six years of age, married, with one son of two years. Our photograph of father and son together was taken recently in Seoul, the capital of Southern Korea.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

CRUDITY AND FINESSE.

By ALAN DENT.

THE real Emiliano Zapata—so good authorities tell me—was a bloodthirsty tyrant, a Mexican-Indian, who flourished between 1909 and 1918, rode at the head of a savage, marauding and looting gang of Indians, and four times captured Mexico City. He printed his own money, and named his own presidents. The film about him, "Viva Zapata!" rightly tells us

superb "cinema." Zapata has been betrayed and is assassinated. The technical taking of this is simplicity itself, but incomparably effective. Here is the process: close and motionless shot of Zapata and his white horse (presumably signifying freedom); ditto of aged

women with rosaries; ditto of wrinkled and watchful peasants or peons; ditto of waiting assassins. We then have the same series of brilliantly composed shots in a different order. We then have it yet again in an order that is yet again different. The effect of momentousness must shatter anybody—even anybody like myself who has found the rest of the film hard to understand, and the harsh savour of the whole thing acrid and distasteful. For here and now I must register a faint protest, though it may make me seem quite absurdly old-fashioned and quite hopelessly behind the times. There is, for me, nothing ennobling in the saga of Zapata, and therefore I cannot, in any worthy sense, be said to "enjoy" such

a film. He fights to secure peace? I suppose the motive is sound enough, but I would question whether that unlettered bandit ever really worked out a motive.

difficulty) scowl. The real Cicero—in the brilliant new spy film called "Five Fingers"—was, as everybody now knows, a nondescript valet in the British Embassy at Ankara. He photographed secret papers, taken from the Ambassador's safe, and sold these top secrets at top prices to the German Government. He was paid, on his own insistence, in British banknotes. The notes turned out in the end to be counterfeit. The film departs from truth in making the spy Cicero as smart and suave as that ingenious actor, James Mason, knows how to make a man, or, rather, a gentleman's gentleman. It also invents an adventuress-countess who shares in the spoils and decamps in the end to Switzerland with more than her share. Cicero in the film decamps to Rio de Janeiro to fulfil a lifelong ambition of dining in its best hotel in a white dinner-jacket. And at the height of this ambition's fulfilment he is arrested and told that his accomplice in Switzerland has been arrested also. And so the film ends with Cicero in peals of ironic laughter.

The real end of Cicero does not appear to be known. But most of the rest of what this delicious film shows is an account of something that authentically happened. The exterior scenes, too, are genuine—since they were taken in Istanbul and Ankara. I was in both places myself exactly two years ago, and I was delighted to recognise many of the streets and buildings. I even recognised the British Embassy at Ankara. The occasion for making a personal confession here is too appropriate to be resisted—especially since there has been some question of a dinner-jacket for Cicero. Brief let me be—as the Ghost says in "Hamlet." In the middle of my lecture-tour I was summoned to an evening-party at the British Embassy at Ankara. I reported my plight—i.e., that I had not been advised to take a dinner-suit to Turkey—to the Ambassadors, and that lady, with the graciousness expected of though not absolutely always to be found in Embassies, declared with a smile that the general rule would be waived in my favour, and that *no one* would wear evening dress, just for once in a way! She assured me that a dowdy party would be fun for a change. So I duly attended, and may now confess that I felt about as nondescript as the real Cicero in that identical establishment where he committed his profitable treasons. This being divulged, let me say that enjoyment of



"I CANNOT SEE THIS FILM AS ANYTHING HIGHER, IN ESSENCE, THAN A GANGSTER FILM, THOUGH ITS SULTRY MEXICAN ATMOSPHERE VERY NEARLY BLINDS US TO THE FACT AND MAKES US CALL IT ORIGINAL, VIVID, EXOTIC, DISTURBING AND FULL OF WONDER": "VIVA ZAPATA!" (20TH CENTURY-FOX) SHOWING ZAPATA (MARLON BRANDO), WHOSE STORY IN THE FILM, WRITTEN BY JOHN STEINBECK, IS BASED ON THAT OF THE REAL EMILIANO ZAPATA, A MEXICAN-INDIAN BLOODTHIRSTY TYRANT WHO FLOURISHED BETWEEN 1909 AND 1918.

that he gave great areas of land back to the people they belonged to, and brought justice to many thousands of starving and exploited Indians. But Zapata made a huge fortune in doing so, and though he was an illiterate peasant he had brains enough to keep what he secured and stole.

The film Zapata is monogamous. He falls in love with a wild-eyed little beauty (Jean Peters), marries her with picturesque ceremonial, and begins to take reading lessons from her—by way of Holy Scripture—on his wedding night. The real Zapata "out-paramoured the Turk," had a travelling harem of wives who seldom numbered fewer than twenty, and let one of his gang masquerade as a priest and hold a fake marriage-service whenever one of his girls insisted upon such a formality. The film Zapata is stark and forthright in war as in love. But we are spared most of the real Zapata's monstrous excesses, which seem to have rivalled those of the Zulu tyrant, Chaka. Rider Haggard used to tell us in our eager boyhood how the latter would smear his prisoners with honey, bind them up, and throw them on ant-heaps. The real Zapata did the same thing, and when he tired of it would vary the process by using inflammable material instead of honey and then turn his victims into human torches.

This film has been directed by Elia Kazan; it has been written with imaginative force by John Steinbeck; and the all-important over-riding principal part is played by Marlon Brando. The combination is all but irresistible, and I am all but persuaded to join in the pæan of praise which the film is receiving. The aimed-at atmosphere of torrid savagery is certainly achieved throughout the whole length of the picture. The last ten minutes are, by any manner of reckoning,



"A BRILLIANT NEW SPY FILM": "FIVE FINGERS," BASED ON THE BOOK "OPERATION CICERO," BY L. C. MOYZISCH; A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING CICERO (JAMES MASON) HANDING OVER TO MOYZISCH (OSCAR KARLWEIS) THE D-DAY PLANS FOR WHICH HE IS PAID THE HIGHEST FEE OF ALL BY THE GERMANS.

He was a beast who took power upon himself, and a bloodthirsty braggart in all his ways; and for the life of me I cannot see "Viva Zapata!" as anything higher, in essence, than a gangster film, though its sultry Mexican atmosphere very nearly blinds us to the fact and makes us call it original, vivid, exotic, disturbing and full of wonder. Personally, I refuse to be blinded to the fact that "Viva Zapata!" is fundamentally squalid as well, and that its villain-hero has hardly a scrap of honour or even of fundamental decency in his composition, that his guiding motive is far less that of justice than of revenge. Mr. Brando's performance? He is clearly a young actor of a remarkable, almost a bovine power. But he is so heavily and artificially made-up to look like the real Zapata that he can do hardly anything at all with his features except glare and (once or twice and with



A FILM WHICH "EVERYBODY SEEMS TO LIKE AS MUCH AS I DO": "FIVE FINGERS" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH ANNA (DANIELLE DARRIEUX) INFORMS CICERO (JAMES MASON) THAT SHE HAS BOOKED THEIR PASSAGES ON A SHIP TO SOUTH AMERICA. MUCH OF THE FILM IS AN ACCOUNT OF AN AUTHENTIC WAR-TIME CASE OF ESPIONAGE.

this film is general as well as particular. Everyone seems to like "Five Fingers" as much as I do, just as everyone seems to revel in "Viva Zapata!" far more than I do. The acting of Mr. Mason as Cicero, of Danielle Darrieux as the Countess, and of all the Germans is a joy. And the inevitable chase of the culprit near the end is given an unusual piquancy by taking place in the Bazaar of Istanbul—surely the most bizarre bazaar in the wide world. Joseph L. Mankiewicz's direction has both wit and finesse.



THE ESSENCE OF EDWARDIAN KENSINGTON—AND DARKEST AFRICA: SOME OF MR. OSBERT LANCASTER'S SPARKLING DRAWINGS FOR THE JOHN CRANKO BALLET, *BONNE-BOUCHE*, AT COVENT GARDEN.

In the new ballet, "Bonne-Bouche," which received its first performance, by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on April 4, the outstanding features were the sets and the designs for the costumes by Mr. Osbert Lancaster. The sets in particular were enchanting: one (for Scenes I. and III.), a Kensington square, with richly-stuccoed Georgian houses flanking a darkly stony Victorian Gothic church; the other, an African jungle scene, described

by one critic as a nice mixture of oleograph and Douanier Rousseau, with the two linked by a drop-curtain neatly summarising "Africa" with a pastiche of the Albert Memorial "Africa" group. The Edwardian costumes, from the Witch Doctor's to the Kensington Matron's, and from the society reporter's to the bevy of parlour-maids, were witty and delightful, but perhaps failed of their full theatrical effect from an *embarras de richesse*.

A FIVE-YEAR PLAN FOR POMPEII: AN AMBITIOUS SCHEME OF EXCAVATION.



FIG. 1. THE RESUMPTION OF THE EXCAVATIONS OF POMPEII: CLEARING AWAY OVERLYING SOIL FROM THE GREAT PALÆSTRA. IN THE FOREGROUND, COLUMNS OF THE PORTICO.



FIG. 2. NEW EXCAVATIONS AMONG HOUSES TO THE NORTH OF THE VIA DELL' ABBONDANZA. ALREADY LIVING-ROOMS SURROUNDING AN ATRIUM ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR.



FIG. 3. TO ILLUSTRATE THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN OF POMPEIAN EXCAVATION. THE WHITE AREA IS ALREADY EXCAVATED; THE SHADED IN COURSE OF EXCAVATION; THE DARK SCHEDULED FOR EXCAVATION IN THE FUTURE.

OUT of the Italian Government funds voted for the development of Southern Italy—one of the objects being the development of centres of interest to tourists—a grant has been made for the resumption of the excavations at Pompeii. The excavations had been broken off by the war, but work began again in July, 1951, under the direction of Professor Maiuri, and a formal opening to the programme was celebrated at the site on November 5, 1951. About two-fifths of Pompeii has still to be uncovered, and under the five-year plan which Professor Maiuri has drawn up, two districts are to be cleared: the north-eastern and the south-eastern area, south of the Via dell' Abbondanza. The first area to be worked on is that near the Palæstra and the Amphitheatre, which includes some houses to the north of the Via dell' Abbondanza (Figs. 2, 4, 5). Much of the area is overlaid not



FIG. 4. THE GREAT PALÆSTRA TO THE WEST OF THE AMPHITHEATRE, WITH THE OVERLYING SOIL CLEARED AWAY. PART OF THE PORTICO CAN BE SEEN, AND IN THE CENTRE A LARGE SWIMMING-POOL.

(Continued opposite.)



FIG. 5. THE RECURRING PATTERN OF POMPEIAN EXCAVATION: A NEWLY-REVEALED ROOM (SEE FIG. 2), SHOWING WALLS OF WELL-PRESERVED STUCCO WITH THE FAMILIAR ARCHITECTURAL PATTERNS.

Continued.
only by the original volcanic deposits, but with a mass of spoil from the various excavations which have been going on during the last 200 years; and as this material is for the most part rich in humus, it has been decided to transport it to neighbouring land, some of it covered with lava from Vesuvius, there to be used as fertilising material. Part of the grant is to be used on the construction of an auditorium near the main entrance to the excavations and the foundation-stone

of this building has already been laid. It will be used for conferences, lectures, and the like, and will incorporate a Pompeian library, a bibliographical index and a photographic library. The programme as laid down—both in excavation and construction—is considered to be the most ambitious yet undertaken in the history of the excavations; and it may well prove of the greatest interest both to the classical scholar and to the general public.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IT is not every year that the Pasque Flower, *Anemone pulsatilla*, manages to blossom, as its name suggests that it should, at Easter. Our climate being what it is, and

Easter being so irregular in its habits, one can hardly blame the plant for that. This year, however, I plan to visit a Cotswold hillside, not ten miles from where I live, and there, at Easter, see the Pasque Flower in full flower in the short, fragrant turf. I have been singularly fortunate in the matter of this rare and lovely native. When I lived in Hertfordshire I was able to visit a great colony of it, in the Chilterns. It grew on one particular chalk hill and nowhere else for miles around. But on that hill it studded the fine, close turf by the thousand. Every few feet there would be one of its lovely purple blossoms, each with a handsome brush of golden anthers in the centre. Now I have come to a neighbourhood where there are at least two colonies of the Pasque Flower within easy reach of my home. When I decided to migrate from Stevenage, there were one or two amenities that I hoped to enjoy in whatever county I moved to. I wanted trout-fishing, and I wished to be at least ten miles from the nearest golf course. I achieved both—in fact, the golf is, I should say, twelve miles away. I might have added *Anemone pulsatilla* to the other desired amenities, but I would not have dared. Too far-fetched. Too difficult. Yet the boon was granted, unsought, un-asked.

Anemone pulsatilla must certainly be counted a rare British wild flower. In its rareness, however, it is like the Bird's-Eye Primrose, *Primula farinosa*. It is extremely local in its occurrence, but where it grows it is, in my experience at any rate, very abundant. It is, in fact, gregarious. The two principal colonies that I know cover perhaps an acre or two, and there the Pasque Flower abounds by the thousand. Yet the limits, the boundaries, of the colonies are quite definite, and beyond those limits the plant does not venture. The surrounding turf, hundreds of acres of it, appears to be exactly like the turf chosen by the anemone, yet no anemone is to be found beyond the chosen limits of the colony, and the nearest other colony may be many miles away.

Although apparently so pernickety as to where it wishes to grow in the wild, *Anemone pulsatilla* is quite easy to grow in the garden. I have never found the slightest difficulty in making it happy in ordinary garden loam, with perhaps a little mortar rubble worked in and, of course, in full sun. Pot-grown specimens may be planted at any time of the year, but open-ground specimens are best transplanted in spring, when they are, so to speak, waking up and stirring into growth. Among *A. pulsatillas* growing wild in this country, I have never found the slightest variation, either in the size or the colour of the flowers. The plants remain small, with seldom more than one or perhaps two flowers to a plant, and the flower-stems only grow to 2 or 3 ins. high. In gardens there are many forms and varieties of *pulsatilla*. The flowers are often larger and carried on taller stems than our wild ones, and they vary greatly in colour: purple, lavender, pink—or pinkish—, chocolate, and wallflower-red and white.

I suspect that these varied forms are of Continental origin, collected wild varieties, plus some garden crosses and selections. All of them are beautiful and all worth growing. But one there

THE PASQUE FLOWER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

is which, to my mind, stands out head and shoulders above all other forms of *Anemone pulsatilla*. This came to me many years ago as *A. pulsatilla* "Budapest," and as such I have grown it ever since. But what its true origin and name are I have no idea, nor do I remember who originally gave it to me, though I rather think it was that amusing and widely erudite character the late C. W. James.

With no garden of his own (he lived, when at home, which must have been seldom, in a flat in Welbeck Street), but with an immense knowledge of plants, "Jamie" floated

around among the gardens of England and about the Continent, and distributed choice seeds and other horticultural managelins among his friends.

Anemone pulsatilla "Budapest" is larger and taller in the flower stem than all other *pulsatillas*. Not that mere size is everything. The flowers are large and wide-petalled, and both stems and the backs of the petals are richly clothed in a soft fog of golden, silken fur. Above all, the flowers are of a most beautiful tone of blue. As to any definition of what tone of blue, that is difficult. The colour varies slightly from lavender and dove-blue to a curiously subtle shade of soft electric-blue. Two plants in particular in my garden this year are quite outstandingly blue, and these accordingly have been marked for seed.

Like most other forms of *A. pulsatilla* when they get into cultivation, "Budapest" forms stout, many-flowered clumps, and the plants have three distinct phases of beauty. First there is the bud stage, when the whole plant, stems and the backs of the unopened flowers, are just a nest of golden, fluffy silk. Then the glorious flowering time, and after that, the strange, silvery heads of seed.

To increase one's stock of *Anemone pulsatilla* is not difficult. The seeds should be collected directly they are ripe enough to come away easily in the hand. But watch must be kept that they do not blow away when ripe, for they are provided with long, slender tails which act as sails to carry them off. The seed should be sown directly it has been harvested, and then, when the seedlings are up, and large enough to handle, they may either be pricked out into boxes or into small pots, and so grown on until ready to be planted out in their permanent quarters the following spring. There is a method of sowing anemone—and certain other—seeds which I sometimes adopt, and which friends are apt to deride as altogether too laborious. Instead of sowing the seeds in a pan or a pot, and then, later, lifting the seedlings and pricking them out into seed-boxes, I sow the seeds one by one

in the seed-boxes, spearing them singly into the soil in the exact positions—an inch or two apart—which the pricked-out seedlings would eventually occupy. The idea first came to me from France, in connection with raising gerberas from seed. Anemone seeds such as *pulsatilla*, and *alpina*, are well adapted for this method of sowing. One takes a seed and, holding it by its long tail, pushes the business end into the soil exactly where it is needed. It sounds laborious, but in the end it saves time. It takes less time than the pricking-out of seedlings would take in the orthodox method. At the same time it saves the slight check that pricking-out inevitably entails—not that that matters greatly.

I rather think that *Anemone pulsatilla* flowers a little earlier in the garden than it does in the wild. But whether it flowers early or late, it has, like so many early spring flowers, a wonderful capacity for standing up to the foulest, dirtiest and most bitter weather. My own "Budapest" *pulsatillas* opened just before the recent spell of savage, bitter gales and heavy snowstorms. Now, as I write, they are clear of snow and indulging in a spell of mild sunbathing, and, miraculously, the blossoms are unshaken, unblemished.



"BUT ONE THERE IS WHICH, TO MY MIND, STANDS OUT HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE ALL OTHER FORMS OF *Anemone pulsatilla*": THE FORM "BUDAPEST" FLOWERING IN THE SUNSHINE IN A COTSWOLD GARDEN.



"THE FLOWERS ARE OF A MOST BEAUTIFUL TONE OF BLUE . . . AND BOTH STEMS AND THE BACKS OF THE PETALS ARE RICHLY CLOTHED IN A SOFT FOG OF GOLDEN, SILKY FUR": THE SAME GROUP OF *Anemone pulsatilla* "BUDAPEST," PHOTOGRAPHED TO SHOW "THE HANDSOME BRUSH OF GOLDEN ANTHERS IN THE CENTRE."

In addition to its other beauties, the Pasque Flower has an especial charm in "soft" weather and wet mist, for then every hair of the golden silky fur carries a sparkling drop of water, which seems to add another dimension to the plant's beauty. (Photographs by P. E. Pritchard.)



(ABOVE.) TWO WINNERS AT THE CAIRN TERRIER SHOW: *Battling Bloom*, OWNED BY THE REV. A. HYBART (LEFT), AND *Rogue of Rossarden* (RIGHT), BEST-IN-THE-SHOW, OWNED AND BREED BY MISS B. M. DIXON.

Dogs from all parts of Britain were on view at the Cairn Terrier Association's championship show at Seymour Hall, London, on April 8. An entry of 289 was made up by seventy-three exhibitors with 154 dogs. For bitches the challenge certificate was awarded to the Rev. A. and Mrs. E. Hybart's *Battling Bloom*. In the centre of our photograph (above) can be seen the judge, Lieut.-Colonel H. F. Whitehead, D.S.O.

THE LONDON CAIRN TERRIER SHOW, MONKEY HILL RESTOCKED, AND AN EAGLE IN THE U.S.A.



WINNER OF THE KENNEL CLUB CHALLENGE CERTIFICATE AND BEST-IN-SHOW AT THE CAIRN TERRIER SHOW: MISS B. M. DIXON'S DOG *ROGUE OF ROSSARDEN*.



(RIGHT.) REOCCUPIED BY MONKEYS AFTER MORE THAN TEN YEARS: MONKEY HILL AT THE LONDON ZOO; THE SCENE ON APRIL 7 AFTER 240 MONKEYS FROM CALCUTTA HAD MOVED IN.

Among the Easter attractions at the London Zoo was the restored Monkey Hill, where 240 Rhesus monkeys, which were flown recently from Calcutta, made a lively exhibit. Monkey Hill was bombed during the war, but has now been repaired and is again furnished with a bathing pool and an inner heated cave in which the animals sleep and shelter in bad weather.



AN UNUSUAL SCENE IN A NEW YORK HOTEL: CAPTAIN KNIGHT SHARING A TABLE WITH HIS TAME EAGLE *MR. RAMSHAW*, TO WHOM HE IS GIVING A TITBIT. Captain Charles Knight, an Englishman, with his well-known tame eagle *Mr. Ramshaw*, has been staying recently in New York. During the visit the eagle's home was in a converted storeroom on top of the hotel. Captain Knight exercised the eagle by flying it from a leash on the roof.



IN THE BARBER'S SHOP OF A NEW YORK HOTEL: *MR. RAMSHAW*, BENEATH THE WATCHFUL EYE OF HIS OWNER, HAS HIS TALONS MANICURED.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THERE is at least one thing to be said for large, ambitious or pretentious novels, whether taking or not: they are unlikely to elude description. By a kind of paradox, the "awfully vast" is child's play, whereas the elegantly small is a reviewer's headache. For how is he to put it over? In a short account, all those fine strokes which are its very essence must become invisible. And mere assertion is opaque; and so he feels the author is being let down.

"Excellent Women," by Barbara Pym (Cape; 12s. 6d.), has this inviolable neatness. Mildred, who tells the story, is a rector's daughter, unmarried, thirtyish and mousy, living in London on a modest income, and employed part-time by a society for the relief of aged gentlewomen. The local vicar and his sister are her great friends, and she is deep in church activities. Nothing, in fact, could be more parish-pump. But there is one thing that transforms the picture: her complete awareness. She may, as someone said about Jane Austen, be protected from reality, but we can see at once that very little of reality is protected from her. That unremarkable façade conceals a humorist with a satiric eye—which is directed first upon herself, on her essential mousiness, and on her place in the world. "Excellent women" are to push around, and are assumed to like it; they are not for marrying. Mildred perceives this truth, and unresistingly conforms. But there is not the faintest hope for her exploiters of the other sex—not even for the fascinating Rocky. She sees them steadily and whole: her heart may throb, but it has no effect on her satiric vision.

Yet Rocky and his wife—who is an anthropologist—are something quite new. They have just moved into the flat below: Rocky from Italy, where his main duty as a flag-lieutenant was the charming of dreary Wrens in ill-fitting white uniforms. Mildred is told so by his wife, and she can well imagine it. And that is just as well; for even as his blandishments disturb her peace, the dreary Wrens are looming in her mind's eye. Rocky is irresistible—but he is not for her. And Father Malory, it seems, is not for her. He has surprised his flock by an engagement to a graceful widow, fresh on the scene; and Mildred finds herself "the chief of the rejected." Which, as in fact she never thought of him, seems rather hard lines. But consolations are in store—if there is consolation in being helpful all round. And after all, she may be headed for a "full life." The plot, though small, is beautifully turned, and rich in comic episodes. And, first and last, there is the wit—non-stop and needle-fine, and exquisitely true to life.

"The Donkey Shoe," by G. B. Stern (Collins; 10s. 6d.), cannot compete in shapeliness, or in precision. It is loose and genial, and rather sloshed out—but with the deftness of a practised hand. There is just art enough to keep one going, and not quite honesty enough to spoil one's comfort.

Yet the theme is uncomfortable; it is the story of an only child, who loves her mother passionately and is not wanted. The peccant Jessica is kind and charming. She adored her husband, and used to love their baby for his sake. But when he died, somehow the pull of motherhood was gone. Instead of "living for her little daughter," she returned to the stage, and Damaris became a sideline. And a trial at that: a fond, importunate, attendant donkey, always wanting more love—wanting her mother to herself—wanting a country home—wanting so desperately to please, and making such a botch of it. Of course it is a shame to get impatient with her; but maternal feeling can't be pumped up.

That may be called Act I. The years roll by, till Jessica is sixty: which is Act II. It starts on New Year's Eve. By now the donkey has lost hope, and taken refuge in defiance; and she drinks too much, and then makes lamentable scenes in public. . . . While Jessica is blithe and brilliant, in the world of her choice. Yet on this New Year's Eve, conscience has run her down at last. It is her duty to retire, and make a home for Damaris, and stop her drinking. And she is trying to bring her mind to it; or, more exactly, she is trying to sneak out. A brisk and complicated struggle—with a happy ending on New Year's Day. In fact, more happy than convincing. It is that kind of book—humorous, matey and designed to please.

"Warm or Very Warm," by Hilton Brown (Methuen; 15s.), describes a wave of crisis in a heat-wave. They are not used to roasting in Balbirnie, and at one point the weather certainly provokes the harm. For Sime's no-popery campaign against the Provost would not end as it does but for that prime iniquity of heat. Still, he would anyhow be fighting-mad about the Catholic school. And he would fall out with the Minister, and smell around. . . . David has something in his past; he has a glum and hostile stepson; and the stepson's girl is verging to become a menace. Meanwhile a gang is threatening the local Pole, because he works too hard. All these predicaments boil up at once; and then the weather breaks, and tranquil living is resumed.

This book has much more flavour and solidity than most of its type. Balbirnie has the air of a real town. There is great virtue in the Scottish dialogue—and in the heat-wave as a frame, though one may rather doubt it as a spring of action.

"My Name is Michael Sibley," by John Bingham (Collancz; 9s. 6d.), has this surprising feature, as a story of crime: who done it is beside the point. Somebody killed John Prosser. It was not Michael, the narrator. That is all that counts. Here, then, we have a thriller which is really different. What Francis Iles did for the murderer, John Bingham does for the potential suspect. The theme is Michael's past, his character, his want of guts, and his detested "friendship" with a moral bully. Michael is almost too much of a worm. If he had killed, it would have been a worm's revenge; now he is going to hang himself by wriggling. At first we can see little danger, but the case against him grows all the time, and all the time his imbecilities are making it worse. There is a slight collapse in the dénouement; but the tale is remarkable.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LOST GENERATION.

THOSE whom the gods love die young," and Cyril Anthony Strauss, whose Journals under the title "A Soldier Looks Back," have been edited by Derek Patmore, and are published by the Falcon Press (21s.), was much beloved. He was tall, good-looking, sensitive and civilised. He had an intensely happy home, a cultivated and wealthy family to whom he was devoted, and the friends who knew him, of either sex, were good and staunch. He had travelled widely by the time the war broke out, he loved the arts, and I believe might have developed into one of the major poets of his generation (I have among my papers some poems which he wrote at Oxford as an undergraduate some twenty years ago which show extraordinary fire, sensitiveness and promise). What would Cyril Strauss have done with his life had he not been accidentally killed when the war for him

was virtually over? Cyril Strauss, in his Journals and in his letters to his mother, wanted, after the war, to take up politics, for, as he wrote shortly before he died, "it is surely the better form of national service that one can adopt." I think that while someone like Strauss would have enriched politics, politics, on the contrary, would have broken the heart of so sensitive and idealistic a man. I think, on the other hand, he would have had a very considerable success both as a poet and as a writer of prose. His Journals, particularly those which describe his long, solitary months in the desert with the Sudan Defence Force, show a very real talent and, moreover, have feeling, without which talent is often a tinkling cymbal. Those who knew him in pre-war days would never have expected such an introspective and individualistic character to make a good regimental officer. But there emerges from these Journals a quiet but deep and passionate love of his country, which explains why Cyril Strauss, like so many of his generation, set himself to become (and succeeded in so doing) a gallant and first-class regimental officer. Indeed, he would have been alive to-day if he had not yielded to his Brigadier's request and stayed on for a few extra months to collect material about the Rifle Brigade—his regiment, to which he was deeply attached. It is interesting for one who knew him to eavesdrop into his mind, as it were, and see him change and develop under the impact of events and environment. When he first reached Africa he was deeply impressed by the fact that he had "never been in a country in which everybody lives on such friendly terms with one another; the wild animals, the natives, the settlers, everyone is happy and the mood is infectious." However, after three-and-a-half years service in Africa and the Middle East the mood was very different: "On the eve of turning my back on Africa and on the African, I am disposed to weigh up the evidence for and against this dark continent. . . . Africa isn't worth a brass button. Africa has no future: and, above all, Africa has no romance, except for a casual visitor with money to spend and a European home to return to." Like so many of the intellectual young officers of his generation, he writes with detachment and with a matter-of-factness which is moving about the dangers and discomforts which he encountered. But then, like many highly introspective people, he had a remarkable gift for objective observation. The desert war and service in the desert was, of course, a very different thing from the annihilating carnage in the Flanders mud of World War I. Detachment for an older generation cannot have been easy to achieve, but, to judge from his Journals, Cyril Strauss found it easy enough. Through them shines his deep love for his country and his appreciation of the fundamental goodness and courage of the ordinary soldier. As a very young man Cyril Strauss was occasionally something of a tortured being. There is no doubt, however, that in and through the war he himself achieved an "extraordinary inner peace and happiness." One of the very last entries in his Journal reads: "A good day. I salute you." Perhaps it is some source of happiness to his family and friends that for this bright spirit the bad days were not to come.

A. F. Tschiffely is, I imagine, almost better known in Spanish-speaking lands than he is in this country. His famous ride in Latin-America has become part of the literature of that sub-continent. Recently, however, he decided to revisit Spain, but on his £50 the question of his buying a horse in Spain was impossible, so he "rode" in a different way—on a small motor-bicycle. Many books have recently been written, and many more are in the press, about Spain. I know of none to touch this as an informed, lively, full and delightful description of journeys which carried him throughout that vast country from end to end. If you are thinking of spending your £25 there this year, "Round and About Spain" (Hodder and Stoughton) is worth every penny of the 20s. you will be asked for it.

If, on the other hand, you are taking your holiday at home, I recommend "Open to View," by Barbara Freeman, with illustrations by Jan Coolen (Benn; 15s.). This delightful book—it astonishes me that no one has produced it before—is a description of all the great and beautiful country houses which are now open to the public. There are over 100 of them, and, in addition to a full description of each house, there is a most useful large-scale map which gives its precise location, while the drawings give you an excellent idea of what the house looks like.

For the home tourist, too, there are two excellent little pocket-sized books, both by H. A. Piehler, "England for Everyman" and "Scotland for Everyman" (Dent; 7s. 6d.). These are usefully divided up into twelve tours covering the principal antiquities and scenic beauties of the two countries, which are excellently adapted to meet the needs of the traveller by whatever means he chooses to make them. "England for Everyman," is dedicated to Hans Baedeker, and I cannot help feeling that that great man would not have scorned the dedication.

Equally excellent, and perhaps more attractive from the literary point of view, is "London for Everyman," by William Kent (Dent; 7s. 6d.)—as good a guide to the capital as ever encountered.

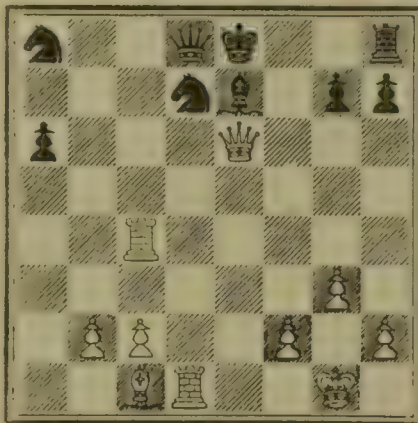
E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

COVER the foot of this article, because I want you to find the brilliant move from each diagram which summarily concluded the game; both games were played in the U.S.S.R. recently.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.			
White	Black	White	Black
VASYUKOV	KOGAN	VASYUKOV	KOGAN
1. P-K4	P-QB4	6. P-KKt3	P-QKt4
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	7. B-Kt2	B-Kt2
3. P-Q4	P×P	8. Castles	P-K3
4. Kt×P	Kt-KB3	9. Q-K2	Q-B2
5. Kt-QB3	P-QR3	10. P-QR4	P×P
Seems to me that this is the start of Black's troubles; he should surely have kept the queen's side blocked by 10. . . . P-Kt5.			
11. R×P	QKt-Q2	17. Kt×P!	P×Kt
12. R-B4	Q-Q1	18. B×P	Kt-Kt3
13. Kt-B6!	B×Kt	19. B×R	Kt×B
14. R×B	Kt-QKt1	20. R-Q1	Kt-Q2
15. R-B4	KKt-Q2	21. P-K6	P×P
16. P-K5!	P-Q4	22. Q×Pch	B-K2



White, to play.

QUEEN'S PAWN, NIEMTSO-INDIAN DEFENCE.			
White	Black	White	Black
KAMYSHOV	ABRAMOV	KAMYSHOV	ABRAMOV
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	12. P-QKt4	P-Kt5
2. P-QB4	P-K3	13. Kt-K5	Kt×Kt
3. Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	14. P×Kt	P-B3
4. Q-B2	P-Q4	15. P-B3	KtP×P
5. P-QR3	B×Ktch	16. KtP×P	Kt-Kt4
6. Q×B	Kt-K5	17. K-R1	R-KKt1
7. Q-B2	Kt-QB3	18. B-Q2	Kt-R6
8. Kt-KB3	Castles	19. P-B4	P×P
9. P-K3	P-KB4	20. B×QB	P-Kt4
10. B-Q3	K-R1	21. B-K2	Q-Q4ch
11. Castles	P-KKt4	22. P-K4	
If 22. B-KB3, R-Kt8ch; 23. R×R, Q×Bch; 24. R-Kt2, B-Kt2 threatening . . . R-KKt1 and also . . . P-B4.			



Black, to play.

The play from the first diagram: 23. R×Kt! for if 23. . . . Q×R, 24. R-B8ch; from the second diagram: 23. . . . Q-Kt8ch! 24. R×Q, Kt-B7 mate.



Roy Carnon

*Scene reconstructed
by Roy Carnon*

TO THE MECHANICALLY MINDED, 1895 was an exciting year. In spite of stringent Highways Acts, people were driving the first few horseless carriages on the public roads—frequently without the man with a red flag who should have preceded them and exceeding the speed limit of 4 m.p.h. British engineers were building their first cars; a new industry had been founded. And that same year the foundations of another great enterprise had been laid. At Tovil, Albert E. Reed had begun to make super-calendered newsprint at his first paper mill acquired the previous year. Successfully reviving other mills, he was soon to be known as “the Wizard of the South” and to build up an unrivalled reputation as a manufacturer of super-calendered printing papers, including newsprint. From this beginning, not sixty years ago, has grown the vast paper-making enterprise of the Reed Paper Group, producing today an ever-increasing tonnage of newsprint and the largest output of Kraft paper in the whole of Europe.

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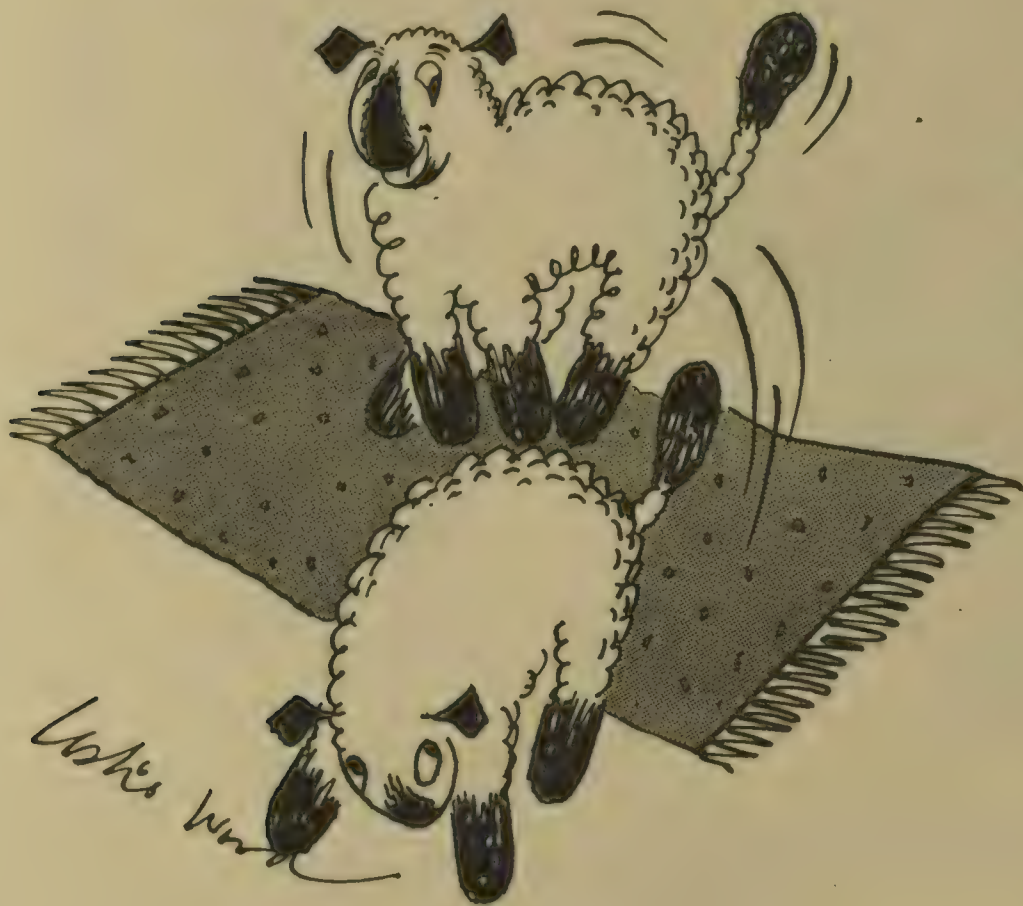
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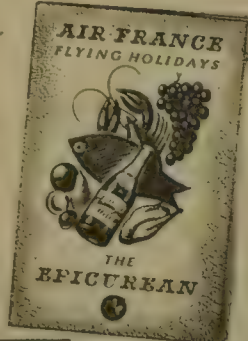
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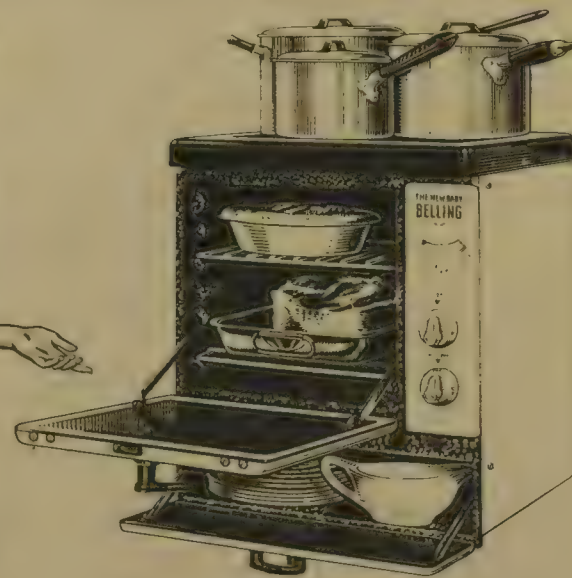


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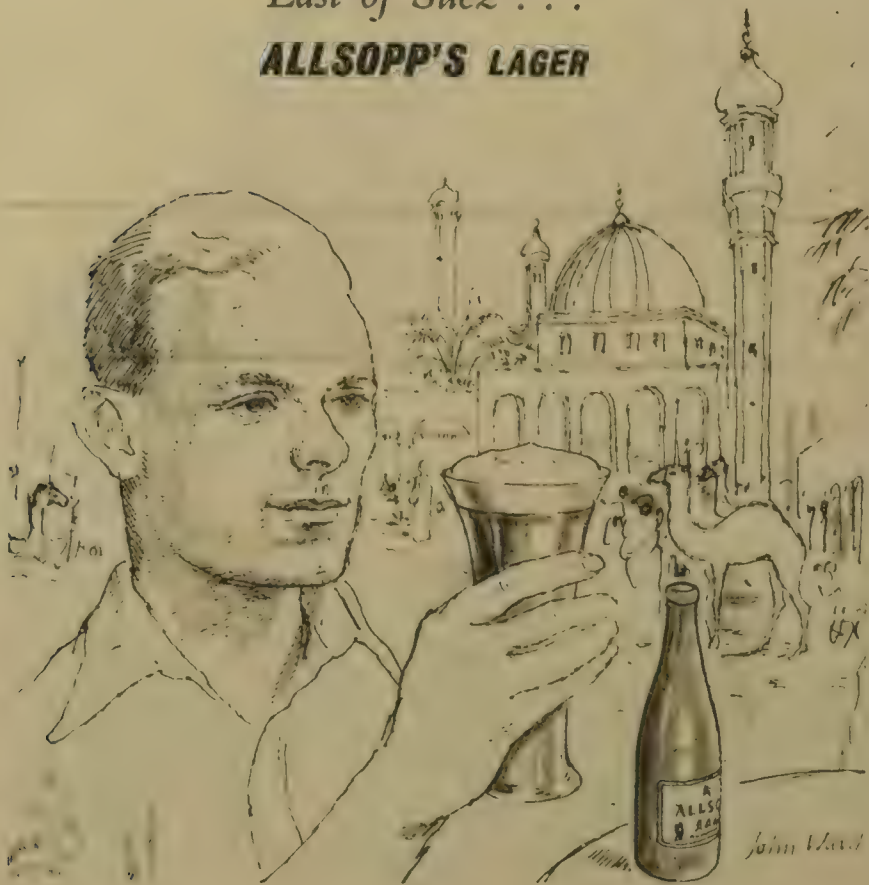
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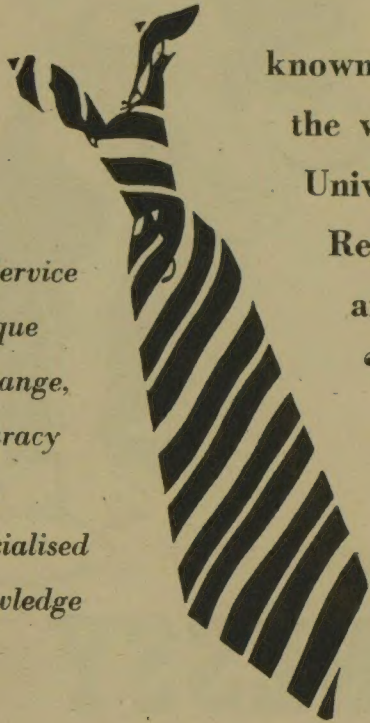


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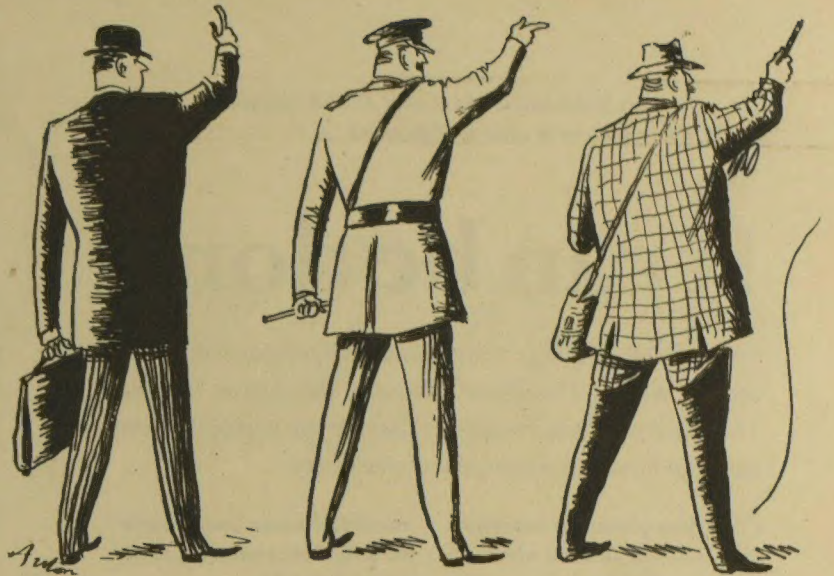
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Conditions prevented building the caisson in position within a cofferdam in the usual way. How else could it be done? "Mulberry" harbour suggested an answer. The unit was partly constructed in a dry dock at Gravesend. It was then towed—its topsides bristling with reinforcing rods—across to Tilbury and berthed among

astonished ocean liners. Here the walls were concreted up to their full height. Then the whole structure—4,200 tons of concrete and steel with a draught of 29 feet—was moved again, under escort of four tugs, eight miles down river to Coryton; and there it was carefully sunk in position offshore. This epic voyage took place on March 6th 1952. Not even the Thames has ever seen a stranger craft. The operation, so far as is known, is unique in history. Design and construction were carried out in conjunction with the Lummus Company Limited, London.

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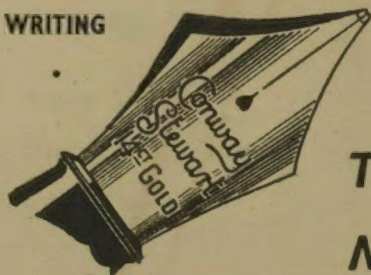
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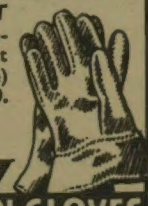
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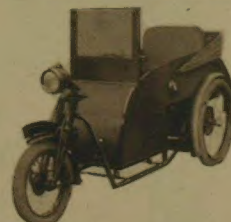
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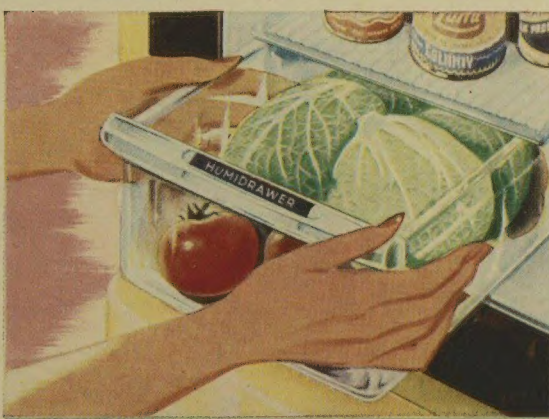
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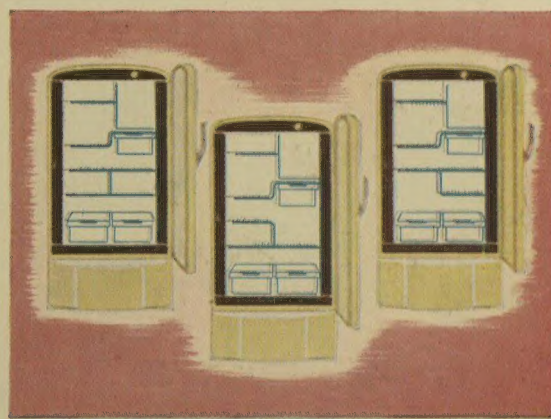
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